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Agricultural.

Durable Timber.

To get a durable timber or lumber of any kind it is much better to cut it in the summer, when the trees are in full leaf, as they dry out the moisture from the wood before the leaves fall off, and it takes but a few weeks for it to get well seasoned. This is especially true of some of the soft woods that are the most difficult to season when cut in the winter. It probably costs more to have timber cut in midsummer or early fall than it does in winter, but those who desire durable lumber will do well to pay an extra price. The choppers will work more cheaply in winter, because they have not the other work of haying and harvesting to attend to, which commands higher wages, but to have the wood last twice as long is a great inducement for those who want it for their own buildings or fences. Basswood cut in summer will season out so as to be almost like horn, while if cut in winter it begins to decay before it has seasoned well. Chestnut posts and rails cut in summer are nearly as durable as oak, and it makes a fine, bright fuel. For boards, joists or shingles, they should be worked up before the wood has seasoned thoroughly, though we would let them remain as they fell for about two weeks, that the leaves may perform their work of sucking up the sap from the trunk.

Shingles of almost any wood can be made to last much longer if they are dipped into a tub of whitewash made of lime and salt. The workmen may not like to handle them so, yet, if they wear the white duck overalls now usually used by the masons, they will find it is not so bad. The practice of whitewashing them after they have been put on is less effectual, not preserving the wood as well, though perhaps quite as good as the coat of red paint which many use and which we do not admire.

Tarring posts before setting in the ground may make them last a little longer, and we have found a considerable difference when the ends were well charred to about one inch above the surface soil, especially if posts were well seasoned. We do not learn that boring them and inserting salt and plugging them before setting has any good effect upon them, but putting small end downward does usually make them hold out a year or two longer, as the top end is the better seasoned. Painting posts, fence boards, rails or pickets with crude petroleum adds to their durability, and as they take on a brown or almost a bronze color, they look much neater. For the lumber, the best time for doing it is in the early fall. It costs less than paint and is easily put on by any one who can handle a brush, and is well adapted to small buildings, like henhouses, piggeries and woodsheds, and we think it looks better and wears better than the cheap paints.

Dairy Notes.

It is now asserted that the new law in regard to artificially colored oleo margarine is likely to increase the sale of it, instead of decreasing it, as was intended. The manufacturers do not intend to violate the law, or say they do not, but they will decrease the amount of oleo and of neutral lard used in it, and increase the amount of cottonseed oil, which has a decided yellow tinge, and, instead of using any common milk or cream to churn with it, as has been the custom, they will make an attempt to get through Jersey or Guernsey milk or cream for that purpose, which will impart a more yellow color. The color could not be classed as artificial coloring, as the amounts of these materials, cottonseed oil and cream or milk mixed with the oleo oil, are not definitely stated in their patents, and may be changed at the pleasure of the manufacturers. And there is also a reaction among the poorer classes of butter users who are objecting to the present high prices, and who would be willing to buy uncolored butterine if the price was enough lower than that of artificially colored butter to encourage them to do so.

The round-stave silo seems to be constructed much more cheaply than the stone or cement silo, and to be equally effectual in preserving the ensilage, but many have made the mistake of not building them with a large green. When empty and the timber began to shrink, they have blown down,

and more often upon the Western prairie sections where the high winds prevail than in the Eastern States. For the round silo there should then be hoops that can be tightened at pleasure, unless they are made perfectly tight upon dry timber.

Reports from some of the Western dairy sections say that silos or silo stock is coming in by the carload, and that the number in use will be largely increased this year and in future years. This feeling in favor of the silo is increased by the fact that in many cases those who feed ensilage are getting at the creameries credit for more butter fat and a better price for their milk than those who feed hay, and do not expend any more for grain, though they may balance their rations a little better, and the good price paid for hay may have some influence, for dairymen would not object to having a few tons of hay to sell, and yet be able to keep as many cows and sell as much milk or butter as they do when they feed out all of their hay.

We can remember when the bull was not thought "half the herd," excepting that he was one of the parents of the calves, and was thus far necessary to keeping the cows in milk for the ensuing year. His influence upon those that were to come after him was but little thought of, and perhaps it should not have been as long as the scrub or mongrel animal was used as a sire. The first that we remember of hearing anything about the results of using a bull from an established herd we think was in regard to the Ayrshires, but the Jersey or Alderney as they were then called, came soon after, if not before. There were Durhams or Shorthorns as they are now called, Herefords and Devons, the two former more valued for the size of the cattle and the latter for the activity of the steer and oxen, and there were some who liked to save the heifers from their best cows, but none thought of asking anything about the bulls excepting in regard to their ability to get calves, and they were kept for that purpose seldom more than one year, and then slaughtered to serve as beef. And very good beef some of them were, too.

But their effect on the future herd was but little thought of. Even when we went back to farming in 1889 there seemed to be an idea that if the bull had a strain of some pure blood, was half or one-quarter of Ayrshire, Jersey or Devon, he was as sure a transmitter of the qualities of his race as a pure-blooded animal. Those who had any doubt about that were usually too poor to pay the prices for a full-blooded animal, and were thankful if they could get a half or quarter blooded at a price within their means. But in other sections there were those more wealthy who were advocating the pure breeds, and some of them, perhaps from motives of philanthropy, but more likely because they did not want the trouble of raising calves, were willing to sell half calves a few dollars old for small prices. These were bought by farmers, and were the foundation of many a fine dairy herd. They were crossed with the common stock, and the result was so satisfactory that many asked themselves why, if a half-blood was so good the full blood would be better, and they were ready to buy heifer calves, or cows, as their means would permit, for many a man who felt that he could not afford to pay \$50 or \$100 for a cow would pay \$5 or \$10 for a calf, and take his chances of its being a good cow two or three years later.

Such was the history of the Jersey in eastern Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and probably of Ayrshires and Devons in other sections. The beef breeds came into favor more rapidly in the beef-growing sections, and when once they became known they could scarcely be bought fast enough to suit those who wanted bulls of Shorthorn, Hereford or Angus, and no price seemed too high to pay for a pure-bred male to mate with the stock they had.

Some of the agricultural papers are now warning the dairymen that they must color their butter before sending it to market, as if too light colored it will be mistaken for uncolored oleo. Most of the people like to see the golden color of June butter, and the coloring is a very simple matter, and small expense, but it seems a little strange that the same ones who opposed having oleo colored to resemble butter should now be advocating coloring butter so that it may not look like oleo.

The Vermont Experiment Station reports that in their feeding tests for dairy cows they had seven per cent. less milk and butter when they were feeding it. The ration matter in the food was calculated to be the same in both cases. The quality of the milk was the same, but almost without exception a change from ensilage to hay decreased the milk flow, and a change from hay to ensilage increased it. With hay at \$10 per ton and ensilage \$3 per ton, replacing one-third of the hay with ensilage caused a gain of 13 cents per day for each cow. Warming water up to 80° did not increase the milk flow or the butter yield, nor were they decreased by giving water, but little above the freezing temperature, but this was in a barn where the temperature was at 45° to 55° regularly. In a colder barn there might have been more favorable results from the use of warm water.

Plowing Under Green Crops.

In the report of the Farmers' Institute of Ontario, Duncan Anderson writes of "Green Crops as Fertilizers." He says he has two farms, one of them being a mile or more from where he lives. It is too far to haul manure, so he has found it necessary to sow green crops to be plowed in for fertilization. Clover has proved most satisfactory, although if a catch of it is not secured, peas

will be valuable.

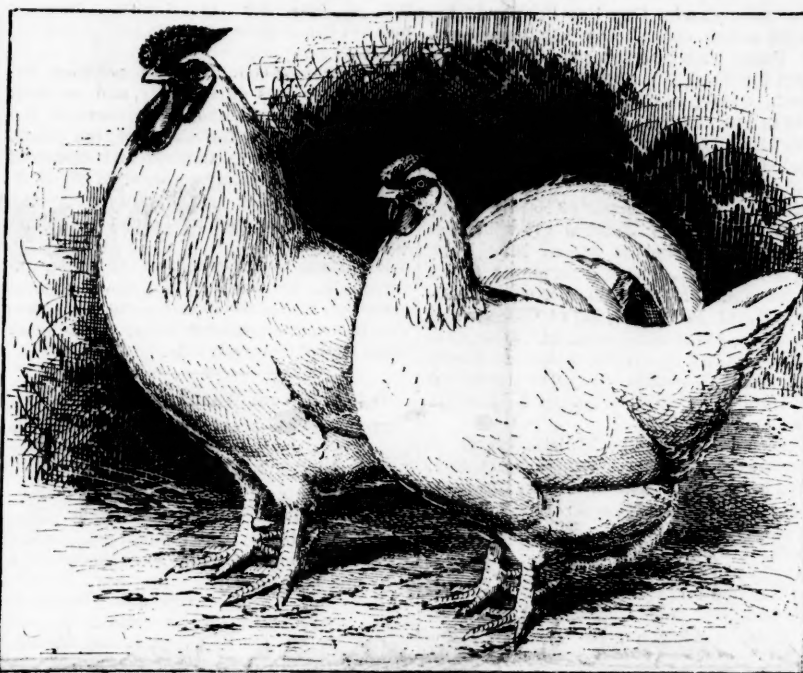
The value of clover as a green manure is shown by the fact that a fair crop gathers in its stalks, leaves and roots, per acre, 138 pounds of nitrogen, 115 of potash and 46 of phosphoric acid. With nitrogen worth 10 cents a pound the money value is great.

It may not be practical to lose a crop in order to gain the fertilization, but in some instances it has proved well to do so, the succeeding wheat crop bringing in far more than the clover crop and smaller wheat crop could have done. An average crop of clover, however, which has been made into hay, will leave between ten and eleven tons of root growth per acre, which will benefit the soil almost immeasurably. The fertilizing effect of the broad leaves shading the surface of the soil adds to the usefulness of the clover.

No rotation can be complete unless clover is prominent in it. It cleans the soil as well as enriches it. It is best to sow the clover seed in front of the drill, instead of

In a week or so after the plants have been set the laborers go through the patch and press the dirt around the plants in such a manner as to cause the stalks to grow upright and close together. This process is repeated two or three times, and then the "bankers," as the two-share plows are called, are put into the field and the soil is thrown up against the plants, burying all but the tops. As the stalks push upward the banking is repeated, and the stalks are thus kept bleached and tender until it is time for the cutting. This is done with horse power also. A four-wheeled vehicle, fitted with sharp knives, which pass under the rows of celery, is drawn through the field, clipping the stalks from the roots and leaving them still standing in a row. So rapidly do these machines do the work that only five teams and machines are required to harvest the crop from the entire three thousand acres.

Following the cutters come a small army of Celestials, who take the several stalks by



A PAIR OF WHITE DORKINGS.

behind it. If sown behind the drill the seed will, for the most part, fall in the same tracks as the oats or barley, which, being stronger, will sap up the fertility. Air and sunlight and a deep root are needed for the growth, with strength to resist the fall drought.

California's Celery Farm.

Eight or ten years ago a man from the East wandered down to San Jose, California, and there saw Mexicans and Chinese hauling wagon-loads of dry peat about the town selling the product for fuel. Peat burns very nicely when properly prepared, and wood and coal being extremely scarce in southern California a number of persons managed to get a fair living out of the big tule swamp. The stranger had never heard of the great peat bog, but asked some questions and learned all about it. Then he went down to Snelzter and saw it for himself. Next he began purchasing all the swamp land he could buy.

Some of the swamp land brought the owners as much as \$10 an acre. The most of it, however, went for less than half that sum. Today the land is worth \$400 an acre, and of the three thousand acres which is being utilized, the owners will obtain this year a revenue of \$300,000.

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City, St. Louis and a hundred other cities are raising celery raised in the great tule swamp of Orange County, Cal. More than twenty cars a day are being shipped from the fields, and the most of it goes east of the Mississippi River. It has taken some work and expense to put the swamp in condition to bring this income, but nothing compared with the returns it yields. The very first work was to drain the swamp sufficiently to permit of the land being worked. In order to do this a huge drainage canal fourteen feet wide and twelve feet deep was run from the swamp to the ocean, four miles away. The lateral drains empty into this. Chinese labor was employed in digging the ditches and laying the tile through the soft earth, and the same labor was used in clearing the swamp of the tule and other growth, and putting the ground in condition to be plowed. Then came the problem how to plow the land. Not still soft and spongy, and the danger of bogging the horses was not slight. The stranger from the East was again equal to the emergency. He had in the course of his travels had experience in navigating upon snow shoes, and he proceeded to rig shoes for the horses on a modified snow-shoe plan. Now the horses plow the land, bank the celery, pull the cutting machines over the fields and carry away the crop in safety.

Nearly all the labor employed is Chinese and Japanese. This is not so much because that kind of labor is cheaper than other kinds—though that feature of the case is not objectionable—as it is that white men cannot stand the work. The planting begins in June and continues throughout July and August, and the hot summer sun beats down upon the fields and the heat and the rank odors of the swamps are more than white men can endure. The orientals, however, keep healthy and do not seem to mind the heat.

the tops and lift them from the earth, and with rapid and skillful motions shake the dirt therefrom, trim the roots and tops with knives made for the purpose, and lay the stalks to one side of the row, where the packers find them and tie them into bundles. This begins in October and lasts until well toward the spring. As the rainy season begins about Nov. 1, it will be seen that the most of this work takes place at the most disagreeable season of the year. Day after day the yellow men drag their mud-laden feet up and down in long rows, and amid the pelting, chilly rains work steadily and uncomplainingly on, receiving at the end of the week a pittance the white man would scorn, and yet most of these laborers have a comfortable bank account, and they will tell you, if you ask them how they like the country, "Velly lood. Melica alle light."

It takes strong soil to raise good celery year after year, and this is just what the soil of the peat swamp is. For hundreds, thousands, and perhaps millions of years, the rains of winter have carried down to the tule swamp the vegetation of the mountains mixed with the soil borne along with the rushing torrents the rains send down their steep sides. In this natural sink the vegetation has decayed and sunk beneath the next layer brought down from the "everlasting hills." Thus nature has formed one of the best soils that could be found for the purpose for which it is now being used. Nevertheless the celery growers are not drawing all the richness from the original deposits. Each spring, after the last of the crop has been taken from the fields, the ground is plowed and sown to barley. Just before planting time the barley, which has by this time attained a rank growth, is plowed under, and its luxuriance goes to enrich the soil and minister to the demands of the new celery crop.

This season's output of celery from this bog will be fully twelve hundred cars; each car holds 150 crates, and each crate contains six dozen stalks; the product of the swamp this year will be nearly thirteen million stalks. This will bring in the markets more than \$300,000, fully one-half of which will find its way into the pockets of the growers. Truly, a handsome sum to pull from the oozy mud of a dreary-looking peat bog.—Correspondent New Orleans Times.

Profits in Sheep.

The question of receiving the highest profit possible in sheep raising is not always answered alike by practical experience, for while some can and do make wool growing pay, there are others who barely make this pay for the cost of the feed. Of course if we can raise sheep so that the wool will pay for all the cost of raising the animals to a marketable state, there is a real profit of a high order in selling the mutton. In fact, a good many sheep breeders aim to do this, but the present tendencies in meat consumption hardly make this possible. The market demand is for young sheep or lambs, and not for old mutton. The latter does not bring a good price in the market, and the demand is so limited at times that the markets are glutted with old mutton.

A good many lambs are held too long before being sold, to make the profits as large as they should be. It should be remembered that the lambs should be sold

when weighing between sixty and seventy pounds, for after that period they will degenerate in value so far as marketmen are concerned. Nearly all the food fed after that period will prove waste. It will be impossible to get it back in mutton, for the price of the old lambs will decrease faster than they will gain in weight. By selling the lambs at once, and putting some of the ready money immediately into producing ewes, the flock will be increased in a short time. It is by this system of constant breeding and quick turning over the money that the sheepman must expect his large profits. The wool after all is only of secondary importance, except on the great Western ranges, where the cost of food is purely nominal, and a thousand sheep can be kept with only a little more difficulty than is required for a hundred on cultivated farms.

Ohio. S. T. MAINWAINING.

Little Things in the Dairy.

There are some things in dairy management that perhaps by some may not be considered of much importance, yet they all have their bearing on the final results.

The cows are now at pasture, and where the conditions are right or favorable should be doing their best at the pail. In the flush of good pasture feed their udders will become much distended between milkings, causing them to feel very uncomfortable, and when in this condition they should be treated carefully.

As far as possible, the intervals between milkings should be made nearly equal in time, as this will be of much benefit to the cows, relieving in a measure the strain on the udders of large milkers, and perhaps sometime prevent injuries that might otherwise occur. For the same reasons, uniformity should also be observed in milking. That is, this should be done at the same time every day. Cows, like people, become the creatures of habit, and they know pretty nearly at what time certain things occur, as feeding and milking, and are uneasy if there is any deviation from the general practice.

Most cows have to be driven from the pasture twice a day to be milked. When feeding them grain in the morning in summer, we have had them come to the barn of their own accord, the grain being the inducement, but when this is not fed, they usually wait to be driven. If the feeding of a little grain in the morning or at night, while the cows are at pasture, would have a tendency to bring them to the barn at the right time for milking, it might pay for this purpose alone, although we should expect other benefits from the practice.

Cows should not be hurried in driving from the pasture when their udders are filled with milk, as it is liable to injure them. Some use dogs in driving them, and it is possible that one well trained will do it as well as a man, and, possibly, sometimes better, but unless this is the case, a dog should not be used for the purpose. Several years ago a neighboring farmer with a large dairy employed a boy who got the cows in the morning. He had a dog that drove the cows while the boy looked on and followed after. As a result, the cows were hurried and worried to the extent that there was a sensible diminution of the milk in quantity and quality until the cause was ascertained, when more rational methods were pursued. Such kind of driving does not pay.

The first president of the Vermont Dairymen's Association, Mr. Mason of Richmond, was a large, heavy man. He was an eminent dairyman, and one time when speaking of the necessity for carefulness in this matter of driving cows from the pasture, he said he always sent the laziest man on the farm, he was not allowed to have a dog, and if that was not satisfactory, "he went himself."

Cows should be salted regularly both in summer and winter, but with the green, succulent grass it is especially desirable. Some have it where it can be got at as wanted, others feed at stated times, but at any rate give it to them and all that is needed. Also there should be plenty of good, clean water where it can be got at without too much travel. This is a necessity where the best results are expected in milk.

In milking, it is better for each man to have the same cows regularly. A cow that is used to being milked by the same person—if a good milker—will do better than where there are frequent changes, and the milker will also. Suit the cows to the person milking, as one will get along with some cows much better than others. Some cows are extremely difficult to milk from various causes, and unless an uncommonly good animal, better be disposed of. It should be the aim to keep good cows and then by the best management at all times of the year get the best possible results from them in return. E. R. TOWLE.

Notes from Washington, D. C.

R. A. Pearson, the assistant chief of the dairy division of the Department of Agriculture, in investigating the dairy conditions in Porto Rico found, he was ashamed to say, that American butter, instead of being the best on the island, was the poorest.

Most butter imported is packed in tin cans, the Danish butter bringing the highest price. An American firm which desired a share of this high-class trade, had packed its butter in packages closely resembling and imitating the Danish package in every way. The label on this inferior grade of butter—composed chiefly of oleo—was marked thus: PURE ESTATES BUTTER. 200 Grams.

Packed in Copenhagen, N. Y.

The letters "N. Y." were of very small type and located in a very obscure place, liable to be unnoticed by the purchaser.

"When I called the attention of a certain dealer to these letters," said Mr. Pearson, "it was amusing to hear him insist that they stood for Denmark."

"Speaking of butter," he said, "the quality of native Porto Rican butter is very poor, a great portion of it being made from the sum of boiled milk, beaten, perhaps, in a tin pail with a wooden paddle. This 'manzanilla del pais' or country butter is peddled through the streets by small boys, who carry little pats of it on tin plates on their heads."

"One native dealer in butter, I remember, had imported a dozen or so five-pound packages of butter from Spain which he stored on a shelf in his store. As a box of butter was needed for sale it was placed in a tiny ice chest and so made hard and cold. Porto Ricans, as a rule, believe that all that is to be desired in refrigeration is to get the butter cold and hard, no matter how long it may have stood on a shelf in a temperature of from eighty to ninety degrees."

L. C. Corbett, horticulturist of the Department of Agriculture, has prepared a "Farmers' Bulletin on the Propagation of Plants," which is now in press and to be issued in a few days. The treatment of the subject is brief, simple and practical, rather than technical and exhaustive.

"The means by which plants in nature reproduce their kinds," says Mr. Corbett, "are seeds, spores, rootstocks, stolons, suckers, bulbs, corms and tubers. By these means nature has provided for the perpetuation of the species, for the continuance of general types. But man endeavors to reproduce the peculiar desirable qualities found in a single individual, and to multiply the number of individuals possessing these qualities. Therefore, in addition to using the natural means of reproduction, man develops several artificial means of reproducing plants, of which the principal are cuttings, layerings, graftings and budding. Mr. Corbett in plain and simple language explains the various methods of multiplication by cuttings, layerings, graftings and budding. He explains the best methods of each, when the operation should be performed and methods of treatment after growth has started. In whole the bulletin runs parallel with the endeavor of Secretary Wilson to have all farmers' bulletins clear and concise without evidence of technical and incomprehensible terms."

Commissioner Yerkes of the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury Department has been holding hearings relative to the contention of the oleomargarine manufacturers that in the use of palm oil in making oleo, although it gives a slight yellow tint, the product is subject to a tax of only one-quarter of a cent a pound, and not to ten cents a pound, as an artificial coloring to the product.

The oleomargarine people recognize that the bill recently passed by Congress providing for protection to pure butter is a serious blow to their interests, and they are making every possible effort to save something from the wreckage. The evident intention of the law is to keep out of the manufacture of oleo any substance which might give to the product a tint resembling butter, and up to this time the decisions rendered by Commissioner Yerkes have been in harmony with that theory. It is believed a decision in this case will be rendered early next week.

According to some experiments in Belgium noted by the Department of Agriculture, tests were made in the use of nitrate of soda, superphosphate and sulphate of potash, for growing sixteen of the more common garden vegetables. In each experiment one plant was used as a control, one received all three fertilizers combined, and on three plants one of the elements of a complete fertilizer was omitted. The plants were duplicated in another series, except that like amounts of barnyard manure were used on each plant in connection with the commercial fertilizers. The results obtained showed the best yields when a commercial fertilizer was used with barnyard manure. Where the barnyard manure was used alone, not nearly so good results were obtained, but they were about equal to the yields secured when commercial fertilizers were used alone. Both exceeded considerably the yield on the control plot. It is concluded that in order to obtain the largest yield of vegetables, chemical fertilizers should be employed simultaneously with barnyard manure.

Another experiment tends to show that cattle are immune to glanders. Two calves were chosen for the test. One received the culture of glanders in the articular vein, with only a slight tendency to an elevation of temperature, which lasted only three days. The calf was killed two months later, and upon making a post-mortem examination no evidence was found of any changes of a glandular nature.

The second calf was treated with an injection of a culture of glanders in the body cavity. No infection was produced. A claim was made that a gelatine culture of glanders is not so powerful as the true glanders germ, and so another experiment was conducted on a young calf, in which virulent glandular pus was inoculated, but no trace of disease was noted.

As strong as has been the fight of dairymen against the coloring of oleomargarine, so persistent are they now in urging all butter makers to color their product. This, they insist, is necessary in order to carry on the fight against oleo. As the law now provides that oleo generally should be white, farmers who make white butter have no protection against the fatty product, and therefore it is urged that some harmless vegetable coloring substance be used. GUY E. MITCHELL.

The suckling foals should be taught to eat oats now while running with their dams.

Agricultural.

Melon Raising Out West.

The day when the South monopolized the production of melons is past. With each year the plains become a stronger rival of the South, and the vines fed by the irrigation waters give a better return than those that depend on the rainfall of Southern skies.

Melon raising in some parts of the West is a science. Not even the wheat has better care or more regular attention and study. It is the one crop in which the East cannot be to any considerable degree a rival of the West, and the producers are autocrats in their dealings.

The centre of the melon-raising district is Rocky Ford, in the southeastern part of Colorado. Here the sun shines through the long summer days with scarcely a cloud to break its glare.

The pure air of the plains, the south winds that come up from the Gulf and the influence of the mountains unite to give an atmosphere that is invigorating and delightful. It brings the luscious melons to a perfection and richness that makes them a joy to the palate. Not even the Georgia melon rivals this product of the prairie.

The melon harvest begins in August and continues until freezing weather. The name Rocky Ford suggests the small cantaloupes with the pungent taste and delightful freshness. Here they grow as nowhere else. The seed is taken to other districts and there is produced a fair quality of cantaloupe; but it is not the Rocky Ford.

The West does not get many of these melons. The growers have a strong combination, and every carload goes out through a single agent. Whether raised at Rocky Ford or in one of the surrounding towns, for the business spreads over a wide territory, all have the same label and are of the same quality.

They leave the ranches packed with as much care as oranges. The cars are loaded at the start, again when they have gone five hundred miles eastward, and yet again before the contents are placed on the market in the Eastern cities.

This year the first car East went to Pittsburg. The leading hotels, the dining-cars and the wealthy people of the cities are served first. The average small town on the plains, even though within three or four hundred miles of the farms, receives only a few crates in the whole season, and those usually not of the best, for they are sent out to local trade only after the regular wholesale customers are supplied.

Along with the cantaloupes are produced a large quantity of watermelons in the upper Arkansas Valley. These grow to an immense size and are rich in flavor.

Some farmers do nothing else but raise watermelons, and they make a good income. They get high prices and are sure of a market. Late in the season there is set apart a watermelon day, when each grower contributes of his store, and everybody is invited to eat to his fill free. Trainloads of people come from Denver and other cities within reach, and great heaps of melons disappear as by magic.

Across the Kansas line, near Garden City and farther down the Arkansas Valley, is another form of the melon industry—that of raising melons for the seed. The large seed houses of the country depend on the West for their supply, and contracts are made in advance for the amount needed.

The valley here is as fertile as in the Rocky Ford district. But the river is not so kind. The irrigation ditches nearer the mountains have taken so much water from it that through ten months of the year its visible presence is a tiny silver ribbon winding aimlessly through a quarter-mile-wide waste of yellow sand.

But aided by such water as comes and with a good soil as a foundation, the melons are in successful years so thick as almost to cover the ground, and fifty acres of seed are sown and are novel and interesting sights. The cost of bringing a crop to maturity is from \$8 to \$12 per acre.

The work begins May 15 and there are needed two irrigations to make a success. This season has been the nearest a failure of any in a decade, owing to the drought and lack of water in the river, but yet acres of melons will be threshed.

Threshing has a different significance from that given it on the wheat lands in the eastern counties of the State. It is a process for separating the seeds from the pulp of the melons. A crude sort of machine, run by horse power, is sufficient for the process.

Into a huge hopper the melons are thrown with a pitchfork, as would wheat bundles be fed to a separator. A few days previously the field had been gone over and each melon received a thrust from a fork, thus prematurely ripening it and making it soft and easily broken. When the feeder throws the melon into the hopper upon the crushers, it is sent with much force and bursts just above an inclined sieve below.

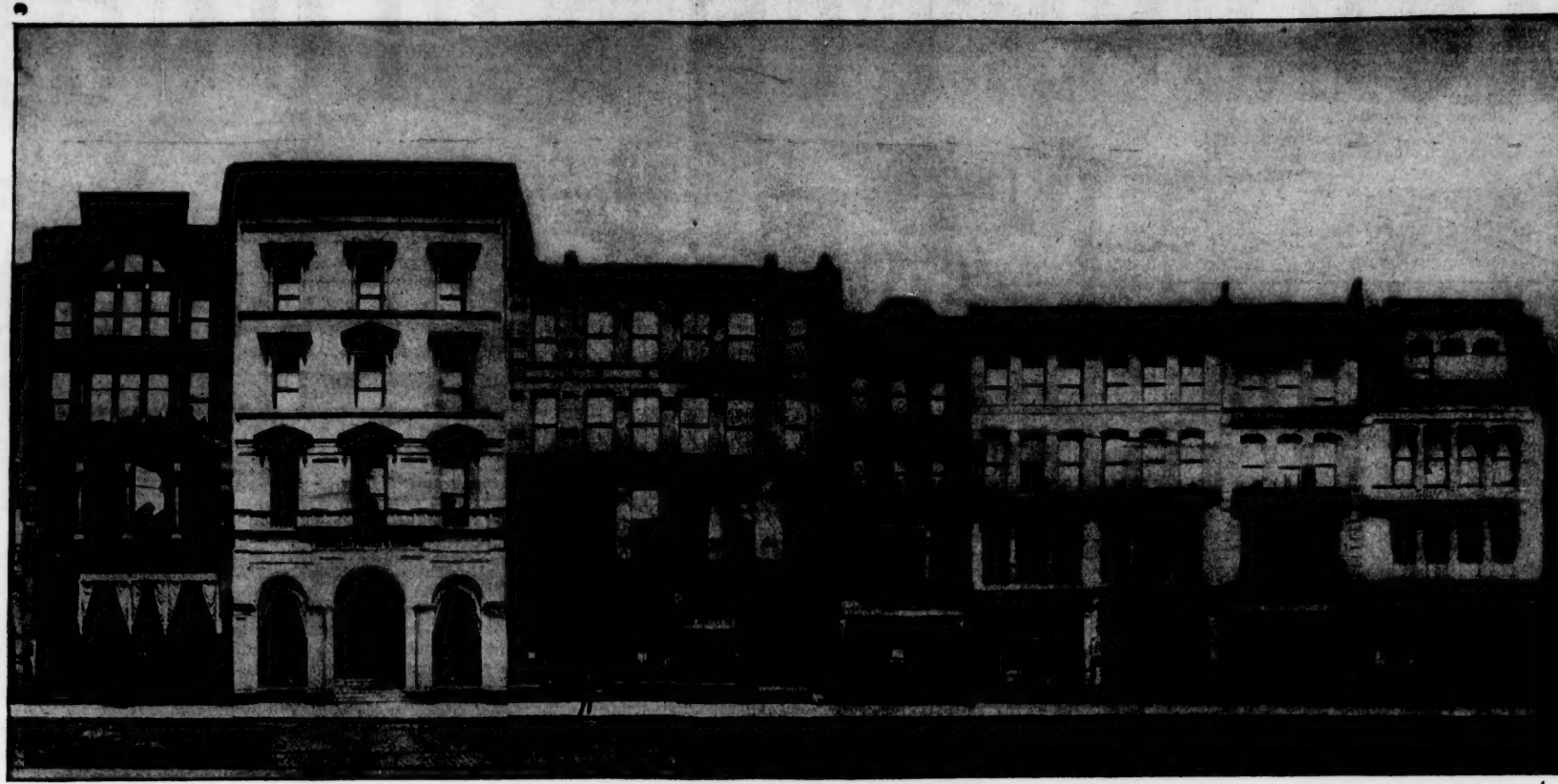
Further torn to bits by a swiftly revolving cylinder armed with sharp picks and driven by horse power, a mass of rinds and pulp and seeds is formed. Along the inclined screen it is worked and the seed and pulp are pushed through wires, leaving only the rinds. These are shoveled away until the pile becomes too high, when the machine is moved—this is easier than to move the rinds.

The seeds and pulp that come through the screen are stored in great vats, water is added and the whole left to ferment for two or three days. The process of fermentation separates the seeds from the pulp, the former sinking to the bottom. The refuse is then taken out and the seeds spread on sheets to dry. After that all that remains is to sack the seeds and ship them to the Eastern seed houses.

A more primitive melon thresher is a hand machine, hauled through the field where melons have been gathered in heaps, and left until they begin to decay. The screen is shaken by hand power, and the seeds thrown the melons against the end of the screen with sufficient force to break them. The rinds are left, and the gathered pulp and seed taken on to be separated later.

While the amount of seed that can be marketed is limited, the supply has not yet exceeded the demand. This season the crop, owing to the drought, has been lighter than usual.

So long, however, as the water in the river is sufficient for irrigation, the product from the land can be made very profitable, as the cost of an acre of melons is not more than the same amount of corn, while the returns are ten times greater.



VIEW OF WASHINGTON STREET, EAST SIDE. Showing buildings between Franklin and Summer Streets. This photograph was made nearly forty years ago.

VIEWS OF OLD BOSTON.

Butter Market.

While there is no actual change in butter prices, there is a firmer feeling, particularly on best grades, which are in only moderate supply. While quotations are still 21 to 21½ cents on Northern, it is easier to get 21 cents than it was a week ago, and more are holding for 21½ cents on special marks. Western spruce or ash tubs are firm at 21 cents for best, but much of the ash tubs go at 20½ or 20 cents. Good firsts are 20 cents, and seconds easy at 19 cents. Best marks of Eastern are called 20½ cents, and fair to good 19 to 20 cents. Boxes and prints in fair demand, at 21½ to 22 cents for Northern creamery, 20 cents for extra dairy, and 18 to 19 cents for common to good. Dairy in tubs 19½ cents for Vermont extra, 19 cents for New York extra, and firsts at 18 to 19½ cents. Imitation creamery 17 to 18 cents, and ladies dull at 17 to 17½ cents. Renovated from 17 or 18 cents for fair to good up to 18½ cents for fancy.

The receipts of butter at Boston for the week ending Aug. 9 were 32,702 tubs and 23,893 boxes, a total weight of 1,066,930 pounds, against 1,982,388 pounds the previous week, and 1,219,015 pounds the corresponding week last year. This shows some falling off from the week before, but runs largely ahead of last year.

No exports from Boston for the week. For the corresponding week last year 17,928 pounds were exported. From New York last week the exports amounted to 875 packages.

The Quincy Market Cold Storage Company reports a stock of 207,468 tubs, against 185,073 tubs same time last year. The Eastern company holds a stock of 41,626 tubs, against 29,511 tubs. With these holdings added the total stock of butter in cold storage is 249,124 tubs, against 214,584 tubs a year ago, an excess over last year of 34,540 tubs.

Vegetables in Boston Market.

There are plenty of vegetables coming into the market now, but trade is rather quiet as so many people are out of town. Prices generally are a little lower than last week. Native beets are 35 to 50 cents a box. Carrots 50 to 75 cents. Parsnips 50 to 60 cents a dozen bunches. Flat turnips 50 to 60 cents a bushel, and yellow \$1.50 a barrel. Onions are in light supply and higher. Native yellow \$1 a box. Connecticut and Kentucky \$2.50 to 2.75 a barrel. Leek plenty at 40 cents a dozen, and chives at 75 cents to \$1. Radishes 35 cents a box. Celery in short supply at \$1.25 a dozen. Asparagus more abundant at 75 cents to \$1.25 a box. Peppers 75 cents to \$1 a basket. Hothouse tomatoes 5 cents a pound, field grown \$1.25 to \$2 a bushel. Egg plant \$1 a dozen. Marrow squash \$1.50 to \$1.75 a barrel, and white at 75 cents a barrel crate. Mushrooms 75 cents to \$1.25 a pound.

Cabbages in good supply at \$3 to \$4 per hundred, 50 to 75 cents a barrel. Cauliflowers 50 cents to \$1 a bushel box. Spinach 20 to 25 cents and lettuce 25 to 35 cents, with parsley 15 to 20 cents. Romanes 20 to 75 cents. String beans 75 cents to \$1 a box. Horticultural shell beans \$1.25 to \$1.50. Maine peas \$3 a barrel. Green corn 50 to 60 cents a box for early, 80 to 90 cents for Crosby. Mint 25 cents a dozen and cress 35 cents.

Potatoes in fair supply. Native and Rhode Island \$1.50 to \$1.60 a barrel. Long Island and Jersey \$1.50 to \$1.65. Sweet potatoes in liberal supply. Norfolk yellow at \$3 to \$3.25 a barrel. Eastern shore \$2.75 to \$3. North Carolina yellow \$2.50 to \$3. Red or white \$2 to \$2.50.

The Hay Trade.

The small offerings of good old hay, and the prospect of much new hay damaged by wet weather, have caused an advance in prices at Eastern markets, and many seem to think the proper price is to get all the customer will pay. Whether when new hay from the West can be baled and shipped without danger of heating there will be rates more favorable to the buyers or not we do not dare to prophesy. Possibly if the English demand decreases we may get a supply from Canada, as there is said to be much old hay left there, which farmers will not ship until they have saved their new crop, which is said to be a splendid one.

Choice and No. 1 old timothy are scarce in Boston, and large bales would probably bring more than the quotations. No new hay arrived yet. Lower grades in fair stock, but being worked off at better prices than last week. Receipts last week were 146 cars of hay, of which 48 were billed for export, and 7 cars of straw. Corresponding week last year 100 cars of hay, of which 21 were for export, and 24 cars of straw. Choice timothy in large bales nominally \$19 to \$20, small bales \$18 to \$18.50. No. 1 large bales \$17.50 to \$18.50, small bales \$17 to \$18. No. 2 \$15 to \$16. No. 3, clover mixed and clover, \$11 to \$12. Long rye straw \$15 to \$16, tangled rye \$11 to \$12, and oat \$9 to \$10. Providence has light supply but quiet trade. Choice timothy, large bales \$21, No. 4 \$19.50 for large, and small \$18.50. No. 2 large \$18, and small \$17.50. No. 1 rye straw \$16.

New York had larger receipts last week of 5648 tons hay, 650 tons of straw. Same week

a year ago, 4768 tons of hay. Exports were 17,438 bales of hay. The demand continues good, and prices are higher, as there was not a large stock on hand. Prime timothy is \$22 in large bales and \$21 to \$22 for small bales. No. 1, \$21 for large bales and \$20 to \$21 for small. No. 2 \$18 to \$19. No. 3 \$15 to \$16, shipping \$14 to \$15, clover mixed \$15 to \$17, clover \$13 to \$15. Long rye, No. 1 \$15, No. 2 \$14, oat straw \$8 to \$9 and wheat \$9 to \$10. Jersey City has light receipts, though a few cars of new hay have come in. Prime timothy \$22 for large bales, \$20 to \$21 for small. No. 2 \$18 to \$19. No. 3 \$15 to \$17. Clover mixed, No. 1 \$15 to \$16, No. 2 \$14 to \$16. Clover, No. 1 \$12 to \$13, No. 2 \$9 to \$11. Rye straw, \$14 to \$15 for long, tangled \$10 to \$11 for large bales, and \$8 to \$9 in small bales. Oat and wheat straw, large bales \$8 to \$10, small \$8 to \$9.

The Hay Trade Journal gives highest prices at the markets at \$22 in New York and Jersey City, \$21 at Providence, \$20 at Boston and Philadelphia, \$19.50 at Baltimore, \$18 at Richmond, \$17 at Chicago and Pittsburg, \$16 at St. Louis, \$15.50 at Cincinnati, \$15 at Nashville, \$14.50 at Cleveland, \$14 at Memphis, \$13.50 at Louisville and Duluth, \$12.50 at Minneapolis and \$11 at Kansas City.

The Montreal Trade Bulletin says: A good export trade is being done in hay, 30,993 bales going from Montreal, 2209 bales from Portland and 9831 from Quebec during the past week, making in all 43,033 bales, besides 6222 bales from New York. These heavy exports for Great Britain, along with the demand for the United States market, has kept prices very steady, with business in long hay at \$8 to \$8.25 for No. 2, and at \$8.50 for local account. Sales have been made of No. 2 timothy at country points at \$7.50 to \$8 f. o. b. for American count. In fact, the market is firmer in some sections of the country where Americans are paying \$7.50 to \$8 f. o. b. for consumption in the States. In this market, therefore, the price of No. 2 hay is steady at \$8 to \$8.50, and No. 2 hay can be laid down here under \$8. After the new crop is gathered, however, it is not expected that these prices will last.

Boston Fish Market.

Off-shore fish is a little higher than last week, and others about steady. Market cod is 2 cents, large 3 cents and steak 4½ cents. Haddock, hake and flounders 3 cents, pollock 2 cents and eusk 12 cents. Bass 10 cents for striped or black, sea bass 6 cents. Large mackerel 10 cents, medium 12 cents and small 7 cents each. Pompano 12 cents, snappers 9 cents, sheepshead 12 cents and Spanish mackerel 16 cents. Bluefish 11 cents and whitefish 8 cents. Lake trout 10 cents and sea trout 5 cents. Halibut 12 cents for white, 9 cents for gray or chicken. Swordfish 8 cents, yellow perch 7 cents and white perch 9 cents. Pickered 12 cents. Eastern salmon 25 cents and Oregon 10 cents. Eels and fresh tongues 10 cents and cheeks 7 cents. Frogs' legs \$1.25 a dozen. Clams steady at 50 cents a gallon or \$3 a barrel. Shrimps \$1 a gallon. Lobsters higher at 17 cents alive and 19 cents boiled. Oysters quiet, with prices unchanged.

Government Crop Report.

The government crop report says there has been an improvement in corn during the month of ten points in Pennsylvania, seven in Indiana and Wisconsin, four in Ohio, Illinois and Kansas, three in Iowa and eleven in Nebraska. This substantial improvement in the most important corn States would undoubtedly have resulted in a marked improvement for the entire country, but for the fact that fourteen Southern States, containing 36.9 per cent. of the total corn average, show an average decline during July of 10.7 points.

The statistician estimated the winter wheat crop at about 380,000,000 bushels, or an average of 13.8 bushels per acre. While this estimate is subject to revision, threshing not being sufficiently advanced in the more northerly sections of the winter wheat belt to justify the making of a definite and final estimate at this time, it is based on reports of yield per acre in bushels received from correspondents and special field agents. If the estimate is higher than was indicated by previous reports of condition it is due to the fact that the crop is turning out somewhat better than was expected. The estimated average yield per acre in the principal States is as follows: the States being arranged in order of acreage: Kansas, 8.7; Missouri, 18.2; California 15; Indiana 15; Ohio 16; Illinois 16.6; Nebraska 22; Pennsylvania 15; Oklahoma 11.6 and Michigan 17.4.

The proportion of the oat crop of last year still in the hands of farmers is estimated at 4.9 per cent., as compared with 5.9 per cent. of the crop of 1900 in farmers' hands one year ago.

Figuring on the conditions as issued, the statistician J. C. Brown of the New York Produce Exchange makes this year's crop 2,561,490,000 bushels, spring wheat 272,380,000 bushels, and winter wheat 380,000,000 bushels, a total wheat crop of 652,380,000 bushels.

The foregoing totals compare with an in-

dictated yield of corn Aug. 1, 1901, of between 1,300,000,000 and 1,400,000,000 bushels, and a total wheat crop of 600,000,000 bushels.

The average condition of oats is 80.4, compared with a ten-year average of 82.2.

Preliminary returns indicate a decrease of about six thousand acres, or 0.8 per cent. in the acreage of buckwheat, as compared with that of last year. The average condition of buckwheat is 1.4 points above the mean of the August averages for the last ten years.

The average condition of potatoes improved 1.9 points during July, and on Aug. 1 it was 11.1 points above the mean of the August averages for the last ten years. Preliminary returns indicate an increase of 1.1 per cent. in the hay acreage. The condition of timothy hay is 4.8 points above the mean of the August averages for the last eight years.

Reports as to clover are, on the whole, unfavorable. During July the changes in the condition of the tobacco crop were unfavorable in every important tobacco-producing State except Pennsylvania.

Notes from Washington, D. C.

The wonder is often expressed that we see so little of goat raising in this country with a view to production of milk, as is carried on so extensively in the older countries. A goat can live on little or nothing of value, and many a family which could not afford a cow could keep a goat, and so obtain a couple of quarts of rich milk daily. A fact, unfortunately, but nevertheless true, is brought to light in this connection. According to Mr. George F. Thompson of the Bureau of Animal Industry not a single country where the raising of milk goats is carried on, but is afflicted with the dreaded foot and mouth disease. Against this disease the United States has set a high and strong barrier, and certainly no farmer would wish to have this barrier removed in order that milk goats might be imported and render his other stock subject to foot and mouth disease. This disease is very fortunately absent from this country, and the Department of Agriculture maintains a quarantine which effectually shuts it out.

At the recent session of Congress, a small appropriation was made for investigations of silk culture. In this connection, Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the division of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture, has sailed for Europe, where he will make an extended tour through the silkworm-raising countries.

Certain classes of eggs contain disease germs. These should be avoided, as it is through them that many an epidemic is inaugurated. Dr. Howard's endeavor will be to obtain fertile eggs immune from the various diseases affecting silkworms. He will investigate the various mulberry trees raised by the silk culturists. On this tree the silkworm subsists, and where good results are obtained from certain varieties of trees, experimental plantings will be made in this country. The mulberry is easily propagated from cuttings.

Dr. Howard will make investigations of every feature of the silk worm culture. Therefore the obstacle in the way of furthering this industry in the United States has been the high price of labor, but Secretary Wilson believes that the Southern negro can readily apply himself to this industry and increase his worldly capital.

Consul Fee at Bombay reports the government wheat crop estimate for India at about 29,000,000 bushels, which is some 40,000,000 less than the crop of last year. The area planted in wheat is given at 23,000,000 acres, showing a small average yield per acre.

Farmers who are contemplating sowing crimson clover should by all means get their seed early and give it a thorough test in damp cotton. Buying cheap and poor clover seed is the most short-sighted economy possible.

The Department of Agriculture has collected and analyzed a large number of samples of insecticides and fungicides now for sale throughout the United States. Of some three hundred samples received those were rejected which did not give fairly complete data as to the price paid, name of makers and name of retailer. After sifting down the samples 157 were finally chosen for analysis, which it is thought fairly represent the present state of the market in the country.

The results are given in a bulletin which is now in the hands of the Government printer. This will enable any farmer to thoroughly understand the composition of the insecticides or fungicides he is using, and in case of failure to have some idea of the cause.

In preparing the bulletin the author, Mr. J. K. Haywood of the Bureau of Chemistry, sent a letter to the various manufacturers of the compounds, enclosing in each the result of the analysis of his particular product, and asking for comment on the same before publication. This part of the bulletin is very instructive, as it gives the maker's reasons for the presence of undesirable ingredients; at the same time the effect has been to cause him to remedy the evil.

The Koch theory that bovine tuberculosis is not communicable to man has again found an echo in press dispatches in the newspapers during the past two or three weeks. A Northern doctor has always combated the theory of Dr. Koch, and in order to prove the fallacy of such a statement, had inoculated a young girl with bovine tuberculosis, assuring her that he would be able to cure her in case tuberculosis developed. A short time later true tuberculosis appeared, but the physician was unable to cure her, and in a moment of despondency she committed suicide.

Another well-known physician of New York city, on the other hand, believed as did Dr. Koch, and to prove his version inoculated himself with the disease germs. In a short time tuberculosis ulcers appeared, and, according to last reports, he is critically ill with a genuine case of tuberculosis.

That little "hen affair," which has been troubling the civil service commissioners, has found an echo in hundreds of letters from hundreds of people in all parts of the country, who wish to furnish the Government with poultry in either the hatched or unhatched state.

A Maryland man offers his services in the following letter: "Understanding the nature of that hen affair that is troubling you, which you got into easy, and to get out of it easy, I offer you my services, and will make you a proposition, which is this: I will send you every day by special-delivery mail a fresh egg. Will guarantee that the egg and eggs will reach you in good condition, and will give a bond to hold me to my offer, if accepted. Will send the egg daily for \$5 per month. If you buy a hen you will also buy more than one."

The Department of Agriculture is continuing to carry on its war for good roads, and through the co-operation of the Great Northern Railroad Company will give practical lessons in good road-making in the Northwest this fall.

The train will start from Chicago, Aug. 15, and will reach Minneapolis early in September, where demonstrations of theoretical and practical road-building will be given at the State Fair grounds during fair week. At the close of the fair the train will continue westward to the Pacific Coast, stopping at the principal cities en route, at each of which practical demonstrations of good road building will be given.

The chief aim will be to show what can be done with such road material as can be found in the vicinity of the various cities to be visited, introducing practical road machinery and the most improved methods of road construction. Mr. Martin Dodge, the director of Public Road Inquiry of the department, will have the management of the good roads train.

There is a general opinion that the pending bill for a new building for the Department of Agriculture will be passed at the next session of Congress. Plans for such a building have already been drawn and submitted to Secretary Wilson and members of Congress for approval. At that time it was believed that the building as shown by the plans would be ample for the needs of the department. Since then, however, after each bureau, division and section had been allotted the space it would occupy in the building in the event that such a structure would be erected, it was found that every foot of floor space would be used, and this not without considerable crowding.

It is believed by prominent officials of the Department of Agriculture that a building twice as large as the one for which plans have been submitted would not be too great in extent for the future needs of the department. Congress is beginning to recognize the fact that the Department of Agriculture is one of the most important in the government service, and there is no reason why an appropriation should not be made, not only to fill the present needs, but sufficient for future expansion.

From advice received at the department from J. C. Smith, who is in charge of the experiment station in Hawaii, attention is called to the high prices demanded for eggs and poultry in the Honolulu markets. The cause of these high prices is chiefly the prevalence of a number of diseases among the poultry, the most important being chickenpox, locally known as sorehead. Mr. Smith states that the use of disinfectants has been found to be beneficial, carbolic acid, whitewash, Bordeaux mixture, etc. Infected fowls are treated with local applications of sulphur, sulphate of potash, nitrate of silver, sulphur, sulphate of copper, carbolic oilment or oxide of mercury.

"Blood will tell." *Androsia* (2.07), the fastest horse ever bred in Maine, was got by St. Croix (2.142), and his dam was by Young Volunteer, a son of Volunteer, by Rydyk's Hambletonian. St. Croix (2.142) was got by Wilkes, son of Alcyon (2.27), and his dam, Zula, was by Gideon, a son of Rydyk's Hambletonian, his second dam being by Whalebone Knox, a son of General Knox.

Literature.

Written under the name of Dwight Tilton this book is really the clever production of two Boston newspapermen. Issued in attractive form with colored illustrations "Miss Petticoats" appeals to the eye if not to the literary taste. Agatha Renier, the heroine, lived with her grandfather in an old whaling bark tied up to one of the wharves of "Old Chetford" (presumably New Bedford). The young girl is brought to the notice of an aristocratic woman of the town, Mrs. Copeland, by saving her life in a runaway accident. Mrs. Copeland takes Agatha to her home as a secretary, and educated the uncultured girl to the ways of refinement. Slander caused by the jealousy and insulting of Mrs. Copeland's nephew, a young society man, ruins Agatha's reputation. Mrs. Copeland generously takes Agatha aboard, and on the latter's return, after the death of her benefactor, she is determined to revenge herself upon those who brought so much unhappiness into her life. The moves which follow seem rather strained. Agatha is made to appear too unreal. However, her course of vengeance ends in the softening of her own being, and her soul is filled with the glory of a forgiving spirit. The character of a minister who starts his congregation by preaching on the subject of "slander" is drawn with skill. "Miss Petticoats" is not a novel of great merit, but pleasing recreation may be found in reading it. [Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50.]

The interesting series of handbooks of practical gardening being published by John Lane, New York, are most instructive and valuable. The volume, "The Book of the Apple," by H. H. Thomas, of wide experience, and one of the editors of *The Garden*, is one of the best treatises on the subject. It contains also chapters on the history and cookery of the apple, and on the preparation of cider. The illustrations are true to life. "The Book of the Orchid," by W. H. White, is another one of those books which every farmer should own. Mr. White is orchid grower to Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., president of the Royal Horticultural Society. This book reviews the history of the orchid, how to buy, grow and care; the proper plants, material for potting, houses, ventilating, watering, disease, etc., with many valuable illustrations affording the book much importance. "The Book of Asparagus," by Charles Hott, K. R. H. S., together with chapters on the history, decorative uses and cookery of those vegetables, is a most important material, and goes into the subject in a plain, simple manner, and gives the reader a full idea of what is right and proper. Like all the books of this series, it contains some interesting illustrations, which are true and instructive. Mr. Hott is one of the best authorities on the subject of asparagus, and deals with the material in a simple manner. Every farmer should avail himself of this edition. "The Book of Bulbs," by S. Arnott, F. R. H. S., together with an introductory chapter of the botany of bulbs. The author, like many another distinguished gardener, Mr. Arnott, is a Scotsman, being a native of Dumfries, and now living in the adjoining county of Kirkcubright. For the last fourteen years his name has been a familiar one to readers of the leading journals devoted to gardening, for he has been a very frequent contributor to the *Gardener's Chronicle*, the *Gardener's Magazine*, the *Garden*, the *Journal of Horticulture* and other papers. Although not a professional gardener, Mr. Arnott is a practical one, for he manages at least the flower department of his beautiful garden almost without assistance; and having spent most of his life amongst flowers—his mother being a great gardener—he is a successful plant grower as well as an interested one. Mr. Arnott takes an active part in the work of encouraging the gardening spirit among his countrymen, and is a member of the scientific committee of the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society, as well as a member of other leading associations with similar aims.

"Jezebel," a romance in the days when Ahab was king of Israel, by Lafayette McLaws, author of *When the Land was Young*, with four illustrations by Coning K. Lindsay, published by Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. Miss McLaws' "When the Land was Young" instantly sprang into popular favor, and for a first book was a pronounced success. The promise in her first book has been more than realized in "Jezebel," a work of singular power and insight. It is a Biblical tale of the days when Omri and Ahab were kings of Israel and Elijah was a prophet of Jehovah. Ahab, the Israelite, takes to wife Jezebel, the worshipper of Baal. When Ahab comes to the throne and Jezebel sets up the worship of Baal, the prophets and believers of Israel are incensed against the queen, and Jezebel begins a fierce persecution of her enemies. This contest is the chief motive of the story. Its complications involve not only Elijah, but Ruth, daughter of Naboth, most beautiful of the Israelite maidens. Ruth is a favorite of Jezebel's, but the queen's fury is aroused against her by the report that she is being persuaded to take Ruth also as his wife. Ruth is betrothed to Jonathan, but is beloved by Prince Amon and loves him in return. This is the real romance of the narrative. In this story Miss McLaws has endeavored to throw new light upon the character of Jezebel, and while she does not depart from the Biblical account, she surely presents this strong-willed, beautiful queen in a somewhat novel and striking manner. We get glimpses of Jezebel the woman as well as Jezebel the queen, and it is as a woman with warm passions and jealous instincts that Jezebel is most and best portrayed. The book is replete with dramatic situations, the action is rapid and stirring, and the denouement is original and startling. Altogether it is one of the best of the day and a distinct contribution to the novel literature of Biblical days. A most interesting book and one of the best of this talented author.

Westerners returning from New England seacoast and mountain resorts to Pittsburg, Pa., and points on the Pittsburg & Lake Erie Railroad will find the schedules and through train service, via Boston & Albany and New York Central, thoroughly up to date. Pullman Sleeping Cars, Boston 10:45 A. M. daily, except Sunday, arriving Pittsburg 6:02 next morning. Dining car service en route at convenient hours.

Copy of "Westbound," containing detailed schedule and train service of this and other through sleeping-car lines west over New York Central lines, can be obtained upon application to ticket agent or passenger department, Boston & Albany Railroad.

Mary bought a bathing suit; 'T was disappointing very. While in the shop it looked quite cute, It was a sight on Mary.

—Washington Star.

Practical Poultry Points.

Poultry and Game.

horticultural.

"WITHIN A YEAR YOU WERE ALL I HAD."
Illustration from "Miss Petticoats."

State and County Fairs.

ARE YOU FOND OF CATS ?

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At the meeting of the National Apple Pipers Association, Professor W. A. Taylor of the Department of Agriculture gave some interesting statistics in regard to apple orchards in the United States. He said there are now thirty-five counties in the United States which have more than 100,000 apple trees each. Burton County, Ark., has 1,613,935; Washington County, Ark., 1,135,146; Niagara County, N. Y., 1,085,086; Wayne County, N. Y., 796,610; Hamilton County, Ill., 795,188; Monroe County, N. Y., 789,409; Clay County, Mo., 751,727; Erie County, N. Y., 631,283; Deane County, N. Y., 629,401; and Wayne County, Ill., 604,215. It will be

When admired in the land of his adoption in England, and have been translated into several languages. James II., who reigned from 1685 to 1688, established the precedent of a coronation historiographer. The history of the coronation of this monarch, illustrated with engraved plates, is still in existence. The historian of the coronation of George IV. received £5000 for the crown for his labors. He himself estimated the cost of publication, and sold the work for £50 a copy.

from the Ipswich Historical Society were
 rowed some old looms, and from Chicago
 were secured the services of a gifted
 teacher, who conducted a class in weaving
 baskets, giving at the same time illu-
 strating lectures on the historical signifi-
 cance of the various implements and de-
 signs employed. Then from the surrounding
 country were secured the marsh grass and
 the reed, the hedgehog and the mats to be
 woven, as well as the wool which should be
 employed in the rugs. Out in the old barn
 was prepared the rich-colored vegetable
 dyes which make the products of our un-
 derneath so beautiful things even today. Then the
 young members of the class set to work to
 design and execute Indian baskets and
 oriental textiles.

latter mare, dam of Hambletonian 10, sire George Wilkes and Electioneer, whose blood flows in the veins of nearly all the great stallions at and fast trotters of the present day. The founder stood for service at the Ten Farm, later went to New York and was breeding monarch of all sires. When the founder was at Ten Hill farm his groom William Boutwell, who died in 1850, was a few years ago, a cousin of Governor Boutwell.

Hambletonian 10 was one of the first to import into the States, Bremen geese and in fact ducks. Sometimes he had several thousands of the latter species, with which he supplied the Boston market. A sea captain by the name of McKay imported to this country a breed of hogs from China, the

Bellfounder was imported by Mr. James
bott, a friend of Mr. Jacques. Mr. Jacques
at different times several other stall-
ions from the same source, among them
the famous Belmont Blake, Hawk, one of the
best of his kind, and several others, all of a
good but little consequence, but Hon.
J. S. Stoddard of Melrose, to whose efforts
facts in regard to the history of im-
ported Bellfounder were brought to light,
states that Bellfounder was not kept at Ten-
nessee, but stood from July, 1822, to Decem-
ber, 1823, in a stall at the residence of
Mr. Jacques, for his comfort, near an elegant
stable on Washington street, Charleston,
South Carolina, and was then sold to
be occupied by Mr. Jacques. According
to Mr. Colonel Jacques did not pur-
chase the Ten Hills Farm until 1831, three
years after Bellfounder was sent to New

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The Workbox.

A CROCHETED SHAWL.
Use seven ounces cream white two thread Saxony, a bono crochet needle No. 3. Chain 4, join round; chain 4, 9 treble in rings and join. Always chain 1 between every 2 treble. Chain 4, 2 treble in every space of preceding row, join; chain 4, put 2 treble in every other space of preceding row, and 1 treble between; fifth round, chain 4, 1 treble in first space, 1 treble in next two spaces, 2 treble in next, and so on around and join. Repeat round after round, always making the additional stitches as the goes, until there are 22 trebles between each two goes.

Next round—Chain 7, fasten at top of gore with short crochet, chain 7, fasten in space next to gore; repeat the chain, fastening in every other space all around, excepting at gores, where they are fastened, one in the gore itself, and one in the space each side of it.

Next round—Chain 4, catch down in 7 chain with treble, 1 chain, 2 trebles in next space, and so on around shawl.
Next round—Two treble between 2 of preceding row, 1 chain, 2 treble in same space, 1 chain; repeat in next space, and around the shawl. Repeat for 7 rounds, then make 7 rounds of 6-stitch shells and 7 rounds of 8-stitch.

Last round—Twelve-stitch shells, 4 picots to a shell.
EVA M. NILES.

Knitting as a Medicine.

Knitting is declared by specialists in the treatment of rheumatism to be a most helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from the complaint, and it is being prescribed by physicians because of its efficiency in limbering up the hands of such sufferers. For persons liable to cramp, paralysis or any other affection of the fingers that character, knitting is regarded as a most beneficial exercise. Besides, the simple work is said to be an excellent diversion for the nerves, and is recommended to women suffering from insomnia and depression. In certain sanitariums patients are encouraged to make use of the bright steel, and the work is so pleasant that it is much enjoyed by them.—The Family Doctor.

Doctoring Birds in Captivity.

Few of us have ever picked up a sick or diseased bird in the woods. Of course birds fall ill, but there are many reasons why they are seldom seen. There is such a severe struggle for very existence—finding food, avoiding enemies—that when a bird for any reason becomes less active or weakened, a very short time elapses before some hawk or other animal kills it. If by some rare chance it should die and drop to the ground, burying beetles—these insect undertakers of the northern world—set at work and in a day remove the carcass from view.

No matter how exactly natural conditions are copied, birds in confinement are bound to be attacked now and then by disease. When the collection of birds in the New York Zoological Park assumed an importance which warranted it, many books on avian diseases were purchased, and the majority were found to be almost worthless, especially those relating to the care of wild birds. So these were cast aside and experiments begun, which, though they cost more lives than one at first, soon yielded results which have proved invaluable. The bird's body is composed of flesh, blood and bones so like our own in composition, that it was argued *a priori*, why would not the same therapeutics apply? In many instances perfect confirmation of this has resulted.

Birds differ from human beings in few important respects. For instance, the normal temperature of most birds is about 110°, which would kill a human being. The circulation is correspondingly rapid, and the effect of any medicine is apparent in a very short time. Out of thirty organic diseases which have caused death among the birds, all but four or five have yielded to treatment and most of those cured have certain definite premonitory symptoms, so that they can be treated before an advanced stage renders recovery uncertain. Most of the recent deaths among the seven hundred odd birds have been due to accidents or occasional cats.

Colds are very common ailments among the birds, and if these are not attended to often lead to croup and diphtheria. Sometimes the latter disease appears in a bird without warning. A very little thickening of the third eyelid in a hawk may be the only outward sign that its throat is in a very bad diphtheritic condition. Malaria has been detected several times, and, curiously enough, in herons and other wading birds, whose ordinary mode of life would seem to think, would long ago have eliminated all birds disposed toward such a disease. Flamingoes spend much of their time standing or walking in water, and yet they are extremely liable, when confined in damp places, to contract rheumatism. This and similar complaints often yield to a treatment of quinine alone. Cans are the bane of birds whose perches may be too large, or where the floors of the cages are not softened by a layer of sand or dirt. A corn will kill a bird of the largest size if left untreated. It is easily cured, and when a bird's foot has once recovered from such a trouble it seems to be immune, as the hardest of concrete has no further effect on it.

Canker is fortunately very rare, but the gapes, caused by tiny worms in the throat and trachea, are more common. Instead of ramming an oiled feather down the poor creature's throat, a much better way to effect a cure is to let the bird inhale the fumes of carbolic acid, and a very few sneezes will dislodge the troublesome worms. Parrots in two or three instances have had a peculiar disease, and by accident it was found that if the bird was kept continually in the glaring sunshine it recovered. Whether the heat is the curative agent is not yet known.

Children have rickets, and so do young birds, crows being the commonest victims. If a young crow is taken from its nest of sticks, and placed in a soft artificial nest, the inability to exercise the muscles of its feet and legs cause these to become loose jointed and useless, and no cure is yet known. Cuckoos and other birds are afflicted in this way. Owls have gout, and if neglected suffer terribly from it. If this disease is taken in its earliest stages continual dosing with Lithia water will cure it more rapidly than a human being could be relieved. For many reasons the idea of these peculiar diseases of the birds is not so much a curiosity as it once was.

Apoplexy is not unknown among timid birds, which sometimes, when suddenly frightened, drop dead without warning, a blood vessel always being found broken in the cerebellum. Or, again, the attack may only result in a temporary kind of fit, when a sudden bath of ice-water will save the bird's life. When a bird eats large quantities

of food and refuses to move any more than it has to, it becomes fatter and fatter, and this is a danger-sign which must be guarded against. A case like this is rare, but the several instances have yielded to a unique method of cure. Treatment here takes the shape of some other bird, harmless, but with an unpleasant temper. This latter is placed in the cage with the lazy degenerate, and the obese individual is kept on the move most of the day. It complains bitterly against such treatment and grows thinner every day—and consequently more healthy. This treatment sometimes changes the disposition of the bird that, in turn, may serve as a "mover-on" to some other bird, whose abundance of food and freedom from enemies has made it demoralized.

Many other interesting illnesses might be mentioned. Two cases of cholera have been recorded, both among the eagles, but the bacillus of this malady is easily killed. Tuberculosis has proved so far incurable, but it has occurred very rarely, as have most of the bacteriological diseases, for where birds have pure air and water, suitable food, a normal temperature and abundant room in which to exercise, liability to diseases of this character is reduced to a minimum.

One cannot feel satisfied while there remains a single disease uncured. We take away no whit of the bird's enjoyment of life by confining them under such favorable conditions as those existing in the New York Zoological Park, and we also seek to make their lives as long or longer than they would be in a state of freedom.—C. William Beebe, in N. Y. Evening Post.

Cooking Fresh Fish.

During warm weather fish forms one of the best substitutes for meat, and becomes naturally more important in the regular diet. To give it its full value two requisites are indispensable: the material itself must be fresh and in perfect condition, and skill must be manifest in the handling of the cook. The perishable character of the food and its delicacy of flavor and texture combine to give this preparation to special care and nicety in preparation to insure perfection in the result. With due attention, the result in nutritive value, ease of digestion and assimilation and gustatory satisfaction amply repay the effort and make a larger use of one of the easy ways of meeting the changed demands of the system in torrid weather.

In cooking fish there is a discrimination to be made between the two general classes of fish—the finer kinds, as salmon, trout, snappers and Spanish mackerel, and the commoner kinds of ordinary pond or sea fish, in which the light, digestible character of the food itself needs to be enhanced by additional piquancy of flavor. Rich or savory sauces of some kind are very greatly to the acceptability of all fish, of this sort.

A boiled fish of inferior quality is decidedly improved by adding to the kettle of salted water in which it is plunged a handful of parsley, a bay leaf, a few pepper corns and sprigs of tarragon and thyme. A scraping of onion may be allowed, also, with the coarser fish, and a large spoonful of lemon juice, or best cider vinegar. Such a fish is often better the second day, when it is stripped from the bones in neat flakes, and the head and all trimmings added to the fish kettle and boiled down to make a stock, from which a white sauce is made in the usual manner. The fish is then arranged in layers with the sauce in a baking dish, lightly crumbed and buttered on top, and baked to a delicate brown.

Cress, radishes, olives and small cucumber pickles are appropriately offered with fish. A fish of similar kind may be boned and baked to advantage. Cut it open and remove the backbone by inserting a knife carefully under it, picking out small bones as far as possible. Put it in a baking pan, skin side down, and bake until firm and browned, basting with melted butter. When partly cooked, a little salt and paprika sprinkled over it, with the juice of half a lemon, will much improve a fish of any tendency to muddy flavor.

Any savory sauce is in keeping with a baked fish. A mayonnaise dressing, mixed with a little fresh radish, is good with any fish lacking in flavor. A simple sauce delicious with baked or boiled fish consists of pure, sweet cream, rather thin, brought to the boiling point and seasoned with salt and paprika alone, or with other condiments.

Small fish of the best kinds, such as smelts and tiny brook trout, are best cooked by crushing or merely coating lightly with flour and plunging in deep fat in the frying kettle. It must be very hot, so that the surface is instantly hardened. A very hot frying pan, in which there is sufficient unsalted fat to almost float the fish, will serve almost as well. These small fish of finest quality must be cooked very quickly and crisply to be at their best.

In these days, when so much attention is paid to dairy effect in serving, these little fishes are arranged in quaint fashion, heads all in one direction, a little wreath on a circular platter, for instance, with a cone of potato soufflé beautifully browned in the center.

A large trout is usually boiled and served whole in its own fine proportions upon a bed of cress or curled parsley. A sauce of real cream is one of the best to accompany it.

Eels, when dressed and out in two-inch lengths, may be marinated by lying for two hours in a dressing of oil, vinegar, salt and cayenne. They are then crumbed and fried in very hot fat, or by some cooks dipped in coarse Indian meal instead of crumbing. This used to be a favorite coating for all kinds of pan fish, but it is now less in favor. Eels stewed in rich broth make a dish which has been a favorite with epicures from time immemorial. The sauce consists of the broth in which they were cooked, highly seasoned, sometimes with the addition of port wine.

A mixture of equal parts of white wine and water is sometimes recommended for boiling a delicate fish. Perhaps more sensitive as well as less luxurious practice favors

the method of steaming over boiling water instead of plunging into the kettle, as this better preserves all the juices and sweetness of a fine fish.—Country Gentleman.

How to Cut Flowers.

It is the pride of every gardener occasionally to give a bunch of flowers of his own growing to friends who come to visit him, but, unhappily, both flowers and bunch are often spoiled in the course of preparation. Flowers should never be broken off from plants with the fingers; if the stem is at all tough the plant is dragged at and injured. Neither is the use of scissors desirable, says Home Chat. The best method of plucking is with the aid of a sharp knife, and the stem should be cut straight across at right angles, but in a slanting direction.

In "making up" the bunch, too, the best and most striking blossom or blossoms should form the centre, and they should be added to from outside, the bunch being turned round at intervals.

Cool Drinks for Hot Weather.

Some day when the thermometer shows a sullen determination to climb, climb, climb, and you want to make your veranda a particularly alluring place to the chance visitor, serve with the palm-leaf fan a ginger-ale julep. Fill a tall cup with ice, add a dash of lemon juice, and squeeze into it the juice of six lemons. When it has dissolved stick half a dozen stalks of mint in the pitcher, bruising slightly some of the lower leaves between the thumb and the finger. Now add a cupful of pounded ice and then put in two bottles of ginger ale. Pour out at once.

Banana cup is a refreshing drink, that can be prepared beforehand and kept on tap. Rub the pulp of one banana through a fine-wire sieve. Add the grated rind of half a lemon and the juice of one lemon and one orange; pour over this half a pint of boiling water, and put in a cool place for several hours. When quite cool, stir well together, sweeten to taste, and add a wine-glassful of sherry, with some cracked ice, and serve.

A grateful drink for luncheon on a hot day is iced coffee with orange flavor. One quart of strong coffee and two cupfuls of sugar should be boiled together ten minutes. Allow this to cool, and pour into tall glasses. Add to each cupful one tablespoonful of orange syrup, and the same amount of cream half whipped. Make the orange syrup by putting oranges in sugar, allowing it to stand for several hours, then strain off the juice. The combination of orange and coffee may not sound promising, but the result will certainly call forth enthusiasm.

Current water is a wonderful quencher of thirst.

To one quart of water add one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of tart currant jelly. Let this dissolve, then add the juice of six lemons and three oranges. Serve with chopped ice, with a slice of orange on top.—Brown Book.

How to Preserve Ferns.

Gather, during a walk through the woods, an armful of ferns, selecting perfect ones; lay smoothly between newspapers and put to press under a trunk. These may so remain until returning to the city.

Fill rose bowls half full of sand and stick these preserved ferns in them, placing them about your rooms making a woody spot all winter. If the ferns become dusty, wash gently and return to place. The smallest ferns may be used with fresh flowers for table or bouquet for the dress, says Harper's Bazar.

To make a pretty table fernery, make a birch-bark box six inches wide, nine long or round if you prefer it and three inches deep. Paste cloth around the edges inside to prevent bits of earth from finding their way out. Plant in the box roots of small ferns, filling the spaces with green moss or "running pine." Sprinkle every day and keep in a cool place at night, and your table fernery will keep fresh and green all summer.

Domestic Hints.

BOULLE.

Four pounds beef, two pounds bone, two quarts cold water, one tablespoon salt, four peppercorns, four cloves, one tablespoon mixed herbs. Wash the meat and bones, add the water and boil slowly. Season, and simmer two hours. Strain the soup, and remove the fat. Keep in a cold place.

STUFFED PEPPERS.

Take three green peppers, wash them, then put them in hot grease and blanch until tender. Remove from the fire and again wipe the skins with a cloth. Cut off the tops and take out the seeds with a finger. Chop up a few shallots and fry in the butter, adding a few chopped mushrooms. Season with tomato puree, thickened with bread crumbs, and put this filling into the peppers. Place on the dish and serve with bechamel sauce.—From Table Talk, Philadelphia.

FRENCH ROLLS.

Two quarts of sifted flour, a pint of warm milk, half a cup of butter melted in the milk, a quarter of a cup of sugar, three or four eggs beaten light, a little salt, a half cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little warm milk. Make a batter of the milk and flour, add the eggs and sugar, beat hard for fifteen minutes. Cover the pan and set to rise over night if for luncheon, in the morning for tea. Knead well, but do not add any more flour. Make them into shape, and let them rise again until light. Bake about fifteen minutes in a quick oven. For buns add cinnamon. Split the flour before measuring, and measure lightly.

RIBS OF BEEF IN RELIEVE.
After the ribs of beef are prepared cook them the usual way, but like roast beef, add several leaves of fat. When the meat is well cooked remove it from the fire, strain the gravy, and clarify it. Pare the meat well and glaze. Have a jelly-coated mold sufficiently large to contain this, put in the ribs and mold with jelly, leaving it on the ice till ready to serve. Unmold it on a large dish, garnish around with chopped jelly, and form an outside border of oblongs or triangles of jelly.

COFFEE FILLING FOR CAKE.
One cup hot milk, one-half teaspoon butter, two egg yolks, two tablespoons cornstarch, one-half cup very strong coffee. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add the sugar and cornstarch, then the milk and butter, and cook until it boils. Add the coffee. Return to the double boiler and cook until thick and cool. Fill the cake and cover it with a coffee frosting.

PINEAPPLE ICE.

One quart of water, a pound and a quarter of sugar boiled and skimmed, add the juice of one lemon and a large, perfectly ripe pineapple, carefully peeled and shredded fine with a silver fork; freeze.

Hints to Housekeepers.

If one has butter that is not entirely sweet, add to it a little more salt and a pinch of soda and bring to a boil on the stove. When cold, remove the cake, wipe it dry, and it will be found perfectly sweet for cooking.

Boxes for ribbons, handkerchiefs, veils and gloves are more unweildy in packing than are fat cases that tie together. Two pieces of cardboard of a convenient length should be cut and covered neatly on both sides with ribbon or any pretty silk. Then hinges of ribbon should be attached to one side and ribbon fasteners tied at the other side.

Current matters may be served seasonably now as a sweet entrée or dessert at dinner or for a luncheon or supper course. To the yolks of three eggs add a saltspoonful of salt and half a

pint of milk. Mix well and stir in four table-spoons of sugar, the whites of the eggs and a teaspoonful of cream. Fry in boiling fat, drain on blotting paper, and serve piled on a folded napkin, and sprinkle with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

The ordinary, every-day omelet will put on a new air if, as soon as it is "set," it is cut into quarters and each piece is rolled separately before being removed from the pan.

Cherry salad, made with equal quantities of stoned cherries and strawberries, makes a charming breakfast dish. Cover the cherries with sugar, and let them stand an hour or two. Then add the strawberries and more sugar. Turn into a glass dish, and place on the ice for a quarter of an hour before serving.

The uses of cold rice cannot be enumerated. There are so many methods of transforming it into most attractive dishes that many housewives while preparing hot rice for the table cook a double portion, and reserve it for various uses. A cup of rice is a pleasant addition to many hot breakfast puddings. It may be added to delicious puddings, fritters, pastes, mixed with a cup of cold tomato or even left-over tomato soup, well seasoned, sprinkled with cheese and buttered bread crumbs, and baked till brown, when it appears as a palatable entrée. It can be utilized for croquettes, and cakes, for a thickening to soups and stews, it may be curried, worked into a left-over meat dish, and even changed into ice cream.

Macaroni and spaghetti left-overs make good rechauffés. With the addition of a few spoonfuls of milk or water, and a dash of salt, and a little butter, they may be cooked in white sauce, or spaghetti, which may be reheated in the double boiler, a spoonful of each put in a ramekin dish, then covered with grated cheese and baked.

The similar mixture of lime water and linseed oil, which is in the emergency medicine chest of most families, for use in case of burns from flame or heat, is quite as efficacious when applied to sunburn. The proportions to be followed are a half-ounce of the oil to a half pint of lime water.

Closely woven baskets are shown in the jardiniere shape. They are painted a dark green, and are used to hold plants, the pot being discarded, and the basket itself filled with the earth.

The weathered oak furniture, now so popular, and upholstering. Its designs are plain and massive, the upholstery put only in seat and back, the covering being in dull greens or browns.

Fashion Notes.

Of the more recent innovations in millinery, the "sunburst" straw has proved very acceptable, and they will maintain their popularity through the autumn. Sailor, shepherd, Rubens, San Toy, Maud Muller and many other shapes have been made of this straw. It is rather more dressy than most colored brads, and is more durable than the bleached varieties, and often more becoming. The straw is made of the braid has been with the shirt waist and sailor hats, millions of which have been sold this year in every sort of color and of braid.

English silks woven in Bradford, and designed for walking and traveling costumes, made up in the simplest fashion, and the radiance of dust cloaks or Empire wraps are very popular with women recently returned from abroad. The fabric resembles very fine cloth, as it is firm and almost without lustre. It is pleasantly pliable, of light weight, and with a smooth surface that repels dust. It is twenty-one inches in width, and is manufactured in both dark and light colors.

For fetes, garden parties and summer teas, the muslin and toulard have proved exceedingly fashionable for young girls. Pretty lace berthes, with flapping straw round hats ornamented with roses, foliage and velvet ribbons and loops, accompany these gowns. The dress coats worn this summer are very graceful, easy looking and picturesque. The water-plush brims bend to suit individual faces and features.

The most expensive of the linen gowns of the season are trimmed with the finest of French embroideries. Pale blue linen embroidered in white is very stylish, and there are linen costumes with large Charles IX. collars embroidered in Parisian colors. White linen trimmed with bands of pink or blue linen stitched with black or edged with black velvet ribbon show one feature of contrast in trimming. French dots in black silk on tinted linens are likewise effective in white linen dresses. Three of these bands trim the skirt of a white linen gown, one at the head of the deep circular flounce, one at the hem, and another midway between. The blouse waist has two crosswise bands, and a vest of plain white linen. Sometimes, however, looks come so close to the plain white linen gown simply finished with welt stitching joining narrow shaped bands of the linen to form a circular flounce. The blouse is made in these bands, and, like so many of the thin blue waists, is fastened at the bust.

Constable, Balteque and Rhone are among the blue dyes for velvets, ribbons and light wool fabrics to be worn this fall. Besides the greens of the present season, there are also sage, asparagus, pale undine, gazon or turf, bargeon, the color of the first green shoots of buds, and color for evening wear—and also darker least green. The opal grays are more delicate and beautiful than ever, and a dark gray for fall tweeds and autumn golf costumes is called *ferret*. The color of the first green shoots of buds, and color for evening wear—and also darker least green. The opal grays are more delicate and beautiful than ever, and a dark gray for fall tweeds and autumn golf costumes is called *ferret*.

Did, last year, give to thee? and now an end has come to all his love? Life's full, today, Of friends, fresh flowers, fresh friends, flung faded ones away.

There is great spiritual refreshment and exhilaration in the phrase, "I rise in newness of life." So one may arise on any morning, and turning down the page of his mistakes and errors, hold fast to all that is truest and most worthy, and carry its results on in finer transmutation into the ever-growing life. "Take along with you this holy earnestness," well said Goethe, "for earnestness alone makes time eternity."

Gems of Thought.

...We know what God is like because we know the character of Jesus Christ.—George Hodges.

...This alone is thy concern, to fight manfully, and never, however manifold thy wounds, to lay down thine arms or to take to flight.—Lorenzo Scupoli.

...Wherever God may lead you, there you will find Himself, in the most harassing business, as in the most tranquil prayer.—François de la Mothe Fénélon.

...Fight like a good soldier; and if thou sometimes fall through frailty, take again strength than before, trusting in my more abundant grace.—Thomas a Kempis.

...Every trial that we pass through is capable of being the seed of a noble character. Every temptation that we meet in the path of another chance of filling our souls with the power of Heaven.—Frederick Temple.

...My life is so strangely free from all trial and trouble that I cannot doubt my own happiness is one of the talents entrusted to me to "occupy" with, till the Master shall return, by doing something to make other lives happy.—Charles L. Dodgson.

...Think who Christ is, and what Christ is, and then think what His personal influence must be,—quite infinite, boundless, miraculous. So that the very blessedness of heaven will not be merely the sight of our Lord; it will be the being made holy, and kept holy, by that sight.—Charles Kingsley.

...I find that it is not the circumstances in which we are placed, but the spirit in which we meet them that constitutes our comfort; and that this may be undisturbed, if we seek for cheerfulness in a feeling of quiet submission, whatever may be the privations allotted us.—Elizabeth T. King.

...If thy disturbance of mind proceeds from a person who is so disagreeable to thee that every little action of his annoys or irritates thee, thy remedy is to force yourself to love him, and to hold him dear; not only because he is a creature formed by the same sovereign hand as thou art, but also because he offers thee an opportunity (if thou wilt accept it) of becoming like unto thy Lord, who is kind and loving unto all men.—Lorenzo Scupoli.

The World Beautiful.

Lillian Whiting in Boston Budget.

"Five minutes of today are worth as much to me as five minutes in the next millennium. Let us be poised, and wise, and our own, today. Let us treat the men and women well; treat them as if they were real; perhaps they are. The results of life are accumulated and uncalculable. The years teach much which the days never know. The persons who compose our company converse and come and go, and design and execute many things, and somewhat comes of it all, but an unlooked-for result. The individual is always mistaken. He designed many things, and drew in other persons as coadjutors, quarreled with some or all, blundered much, and something is done; all are a little advanced, but the individual is always mistaken. It turns out somewhat new, and very unlike what he promised himself."—K Emerson.

The Oriental philosophy of reincarnation teaches that between each separate existence the stream of Lethe runs, and that were it otherwise, man could not forget the burden of memory. The faults, follies, sins and mistakes of one lifetime are, in the belief of those who hold this doctrine, mercifully consigned to oblivion; the chapter is closed, and each new life, therefore, begins with a fair prospect. It is more than an open question if it would not often be well to apply the same principle to the life that now is in regard to shutting off and relegating to oblivion many phases of experience. It is one of the curious things in life that a mistake, an error of judgment, often brings upon one the same punishment that might well follow an actual and intentional wrong. The results of life are, indeed, incalculable. One means the best, and some way, he knows not how, the worst is the result. He tries, still more, to express himself, to re-adjust conditions; to be brave and not morbid; to look up, and not down; out, and not in; to put aside his own griefs and sorrows, and use them only as a basis for larger sympathy and love, and the radiation of helpfulness and good will to others; and with all his effort darkness and trial but increase and encompass him round about. Where he gave sympathy and affection the return is only indifference and coldness, and denial of all friendly word or cheer. And the burden of it all paralyzes all endeavor, and makes time useless. Then may not one strive to apply to this present life the philosophy of the Orientals regarding their belief of successive incarnations? May he not resolutely close the chapter in memory as to what happened—last week or last year, and—live only in the present and the future?

"Let us be poised and wise and our own today." To perpetually contemplate the experiences that are past is worse than useless. That one is misjudged where he has only meant everything that was sweetest and best, perhaps, the severest form of torture that life can offer. But it is not rectified by dwelling upon it, and it is far better to close the door of memory. There is no form of trial that life can offer that equals this in pain and in an absolutely paralyzing power that crushes out all endeavor. But as life has to be lived, and as endeavor is indispensable,—some way, somehow, must the door of memory be closed, and permit one to again give himself to effort and achievement.

"Wouldst fashion for thyself a seemly life? Then act as if thy life was just begun," says Goethe.

And it is the law and the gospel. It is the only salvation. One may do something better than even to "re-create the beautiful yesterday." He may create a tomorrow, that will be fairer than any Yesterday ever known. It may not be easy, but it is possible to invoke the stream of Lethe and bid it bear past experiences into oblivion, and leave the field clear for the *vita nova* in which alone one can dwell with the stimulus of hope and the sense of progress. The past is not so powerful as the future. The force of attraction may well overcome that of gravitation. Let one leave the earth and walk among the stars.

Life is a drama, where the actors come and go and where new combinations and new motives are constantly appearing. Interests renew themselves day by day. One lays hold of new forces that develop along unforeseen lines. It is worse than useless to live hopelessly bound to a past that cannot be altered or effaced and thereby missing all the beautiful achievements that are held potentially in the future.

"Who keeps dead flowers? Not I, indeed, not I."—

The world is wild with blossoms, and the sky Drops roses, and the regal, moon-lamp night Brings sculptured lilies, carved of perfect light.

"Who keeps dead flowers? What if a loving friend Did, last year, give to thee? and now an end has come to all his love? Life's full, today, Of friends, fresh flowers, fresh friends, flung faded ones away."

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Our Lady Readers will

Recognize This Picture.



A Fac-Simile of the One Printed on the Wrappers of

Dobbins' Electric Soap

The soap which mothers used to delight in praising, Dobbins' Electric is the same pure article it was when it was first made and cost up to 14 cents a bar. If your clothes do not last as long and look as white as they used to, it is because your laundry is using some of the cheap trash, loaded with rosin or other adulterants, that is sold as soap. Dobbins' is the purest, the best, the most effective. It whitens the clothes, and preserves them. It is the greatest disinfectant in the world. Sold by all grocers.

DOBBINS' SOAP MANUFACTURING CO., Sole Manufacturers, Philadelphia.

What comforts me is the thought that we are being shaped here below into stones for the heavenly temple,—that to be made like him is the object of our earthly existence. He is the shaper and carpenter of the heavenly temple. He must work us into shape, our part is to be still in His hands; every vexation is a little chip; also we must not be in a hurry to go out of the quarry, for there is a certain place for each stone, and we must wait till the building is ready for that stone; then we must put out the building if we were taken from the quarry.—Charles George Gordon.

Whatever the particular call is, the particular sacrifice that God asks you to make, the particular cross He wishes you to embrace, whatever particular path He wishes you to tread, will you rise up and say in your heart, "Yes, Lord, I accept it; I submit, I yield, I pledge myself to walk in that path and to follow that Voice, and to trust Thee with the consequences?" Oh! but you will say, "I don't know what He

RAYWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds the application of Rayway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

STOPS PAIN

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels or other glands, or mucous membranes.

Sold by all druggists. Rayway & Co., New York.

Poetry.

THE PHYSICIAN.

Worn by the conflicts of the anxious day,
And still more anxious nights, beside the sick,
He ever labors to console the quick;
From grim disease he tears the mask away,
And from year keeps cruel death at bay.
Yet doubt assails him, problems gather thick
Twixt "old and new" for schools still interdict,
While spectres of the crumbling past decay.

Yet through the anguish of the world's great pain
His touch lies closest to the human heart;
Nor does he hold earth's throbbing pulse in vain,
Grief turns to him and sin unburdened smart.
His combat is with ignorance, his gain
To teach men law, and thus the truth impart.
New Orleans, La. MARCIA DAVIES.

THE WAGON BOSS.

The wagon boss of long ago,
When prairie schooners to and fro
Went winding in long, snaky trains
Across the cactus-studded plains,
To lordliness was better schooled
Than any king that ever ruled;
Go search the earth, you'll never find
A greater monarch—in his mind.

He sat upon his mule as proud
As if with lordly power endowed,
His scepter but the gun that graced
The leather belt about his waist.
His every word was a command,
And none in his dust-covered band
Of whackers dared dispute his will,
For he would shoot, and shoot to kill.

His simplest language, as a rule,
Would shock a modern Sunday-school—
"T was pictured in my head the best,
And understood by man and beast.
If ever strayed profanity
Was brought to him, perfection he
Could boast of having done his share
In placing it triumphant there.

Microbes and germs that threaten death
Were never known to him; he said
The brand of whiskey he imbibed
Their presence near to him proscribed.
A drink of water he would shun,
Save when the toll of day was done
The weak, insipid draught he'd try
To clear his throat of alkali.

His species is almost extinct
Since lines of galvanized steel have linked
The East and West, and steeds of steam
Have pushed aside the old bull team.
Those plains of alkali are now
Turned over by the rancher's plow—
The plains that monarchs used to cross,
The rough bull-schooner wagon boss.

—Denver Post.

TRUST.

It is not the mountain, it is not the land;
And it is not the stretch of the desert sand
Can separate you and me,
Sweetheart,
Can separate you and me.

Hands may clasp and tighten and hold,
And heart be pressed to heart,
Yet only shadows the arms enfold,
If souls have grown apart.
Sweetheart,
Can separate you and me.

But the cruel thought, the harsh distrust,
The word that bitteth sore,
Each from each apart could thrust,
So far we could meet no more,
Sweetheart,
In this world never more.

—Blanche Nevins, in New York Independent.

THE ENGINEER.

"Mid's Maxims" click and rattle,
Quick-fire's crack and scream,
Dazed with the lust of battle,
Half blind with smoke and steam,
Men ace the flying shrapnel,
And dare the bursting shell,
When every gun's a shambles,
And all the decks a hell!

But pent and caged, unknowning
Which way the fight incline,
I keep my engines going
Beneath the water-line.
No praise or blame to spur me,
In this my hour of trial,
I stand and grip the lever,
I stand and watch the dial.

I know no battle-passion
To set my blood aglow,
I work in sober fashion,
But if we fall, I know
That boiled, or flayed, or stifled,
Or mashed, amongst the gear,
I die, a mere non-combatant,
An unknown engineer.

—H. K. Adkin, in London Spectator.

Sang the maid to the hour
To the bee called the flower,
To the brook called the sea,
"Return thou to me";
But the brook wandered on to the sea,
No flower-sweet brought back the bee,
While the hour passed to sterility.

—The Criticism.

Miscellaneous.

"A Knot of Daisies."

The opera is over, and while the shifting crowd streams forth into the night, the prima donna, the lovely mad Lucia of the evening, sits resting in her dainty dressing-room while her maid restores order from chaos. On chair, sofa and table, roses, violets and the rarest exotics, tributes from unknown admirers, are piled in riotous confusion, while the air is sweet with a subtle fragrance, but in her hand she clasps a simple bouquet of white daisies, while a dreamy look steals over her exquisite face.

Each night for a month past has the same token come to her from an unseen hand, till she attaches a certain significance to the flowers, a hidden meaning that none other could read. A knot of daisies,—a waft from the open country, a reminder of the past,—the past, when as a girl, less, sunburnt girl she had strolled through green lanes and byways, undreaming of future greatness.

A lovely voice, a gift of bounteous nature which mocked the wild birds in its sweetness and melody, a passing stranger who in the simple rustic traced the future prima donna—and the opportunity of her life came. Years of ceaseless work, high ambition and taxing experience lay between her and that careless past; May Wainwright, the nut-brown maid, could scarce be recognized now in Persis Bell, the famed cantatrice, in the bloom of her beauty, the fullness of her powers; yet at this moment memory holds her in its thrall, and exacts its due.

A knot of daisies,—she closes her eyes and can see them still, rank upon rank, field upon field, tall and slender and fair, rocking in the wind that blows; the breath of spring is abroad, blue skies are laughing in the sunlight, robins sing the treetsongs, nature has awakened from her long sleep to life and beauty once again.

She sighs; does she know regret for the past? She has won all that a woman may, and in a few short years. From the obscurity of an unknown village she has risen to an enviable height in the world of music. Now, in the flash and glare of her youth, she tastes the sweet intoxicated draught of fame; yet is she happy?

If she knows a pang of regret for the old careless days, the light heart, the girlish dreams, the friends of her youth, 'tis but a mood of the moment that will pass. She must pay some penalty for greatness; she would not go back if she could—she could not if she would. Yet tonight memory is insistent, conjures up visions she would fain forget; the friend of her childhood, the comrade of her youth, the lover whose sacrifice to ambition beseeches her heart stormily; speaks to her in these innocent flowers, makes accusation of faithlessness and the blackest treachery.

Without one word she had passed from his life—broken her pledged vows—hidden her identity under another name, that none might follow and find her. In all these years she had made no sign to recall him; alone for the cruel suffering she had caused.

Yet some day they will meet again; she feels it—she knows it. These simple flowers herald his coming, it may be, and the hour of their meeting is close at hand. Her woman's heart quickens at the thought, for throughout her brilliant, charmed career, the incense of the world's homage, these early memories still hold her fast, and assert their claim.

For the first time in her life she looks beyond the glamour of the footlights, searches her audience for a familiar face and form, and not in vain. An hour later they clasp hands behind the scenes, exchange greetings as friends who have been separated by time and chance; while her woman's wit and coolness tide over the temporary embarrassment of the occasion.

Frank Granger had changed, too, in all these years, yet she can still trace her boy lover in his simple manliness; he, too, has won his way in the world since he left the old home-nest, which, after her mysterious flight, had become unendurable.

Yet he has no word of blame for her; he makes no single painful allusion to the past and the claim he once had on her love and devotion. He listens with apparent pleasure to the tale of her vivid, changing life, her triumphs at home and abroad, her ardent ambition in the career of her choice.

He seems content to accept the situation, to drop the veil of oblivion over the vanished past. It is well—and yet, in a sense, strange—yet he does not seem to know that she has changed, that she has grown, that she has realized the folly of her fears. Six years had passed since the old never-to-be-forgotten days, and now, when she meets him, she is a woman, robs the sharpest sorrow of its sting, makes sad change in the warmest of lovers.

At first she feels calmness and security in his presence, pleasure in the renewal of old-time friendship; but as the days slip by, and his simple camaraderie and composure remain unchanged, she is both puzzled and puzzled, confronted by a problem which all her woman's wit cannot solve.

"And that man loved me once," she comments bitterly. "When I was but a poor country maiden, unknowing of my worth. Now I am a beautiful woman at the height of my powers, and I have countless admirers in my train, fame and fortune within my grasp. Why does he not see this, make some claim, show some emotion in my presence? Ah, well, love is but a dream, an illusion fed by youth and fancy."

She scarcely knows herself in these days; the demon of unrest possesses her and gives her no peace in her waking hours. Week in and week out, she lives in a whirl of excitement; now working with untiring energy in her professional life, to gain perfection in some favorite role, now abandoning herself to the pleasures of social life, which hitherto she has deemed as unworthy the true artist.

She gives herself no moment for rest or thought; to one who could read between the lines, it would seem almost she dares not.

In vain Granger counsels her frankly and warmly, as a brother may, pleads for her health, her future; she opposes him with all a woman's unreasoning willfulness.

"What does it matter? A few years more or less. Excitement is my life. I thrive upon it; without it, I should die. While I live I mean to live at the height of my powers; say no more of that!"

Of what avail the Counsel, argument, or entreaty fall powerless before this mood of defiance; he can but watch her with a pang at his heart, as the season hurries to its close; marvel at her strength and endurance, the feverish brilliancy, the wondrous art she displays when the eyes of the world are upon her.

The last night comes, and "The Barber of Seville" is given to a crowded house. In the fascinating role of Rosina she sparkles like sunlight, lights the incarnation of youth and wit, while her glorious voice dazzles them anew in its soaring sweetness and airy bird flights, holds them under a spell of breathless enchantment.

It was a supreme triumph; an occasion to be recalled with beating heart for many an after year. The house went mad with enthusiasm, the boxes rained flowers, the orchestra rose to her. What more could woman ask or receive? And it seemed not simply homage to the great artist, but personal pride and affection for the lovely singer who in a sense belonged to them all.

A two-fold triumph, and one not to be lightly valued.

Later on Granger sought her out in her dressing-room, where she had been holding an informal reception for over an hour. By good fortune he found her alone, and willing to receive him.

"Well,—and what have you to say to me, Frank?" and she turned to him with an unmoved smile. What man could remain unmoved by the glimmer of her genius?

"May,—are words of mine needed to add to your triumph? Are you not already satisfied with that?"

"There was with that, a wistful tenderness in his glance, as though he sought in vain to trace the lost love of his youth in this enchantress."

"No, no," she vehemently. "I would drink the intoxicating cup of the very dregs; what woman would not do the same? Would any woman living have the courage to refuse this?"

plunging her hand into a bed of roses she held out to him something that sparkled, shimmered, and caught the light—a necklace of diamonds. He shrank back as though she had struck him; "May my dear girl, you would not accept this from any man. No, no—I will not believe it."

"Not when he offers me heart and hand as well?" teasingly. "But this is no romance, my friend, such follies are not for me. Do not exist in these days, of the stage,—but in this world there are other things to be considered; luxury, ease, power—"

"Who is the man—his name?" he muttered, scarce heeding her careless speech. She gave him a name well known to the world of fashion; a name that implied wealth and station, it did not honor and nobility.

"May," he implored, pale with anguish, "it must not be; would you sell your youth, your talent, your beauty, your soul, for so pitiful a price? No, no! I protest against that!—I—I forbid it!"

"By what right?" she demanded, facing him like a creature at bay, pale with passion, her dark eyes flashing fire. For a moment he looked at her, hesitated, and then without warning broke loose from the silence and self-command of years, spoke to her in words that rang as a trumpet call, wakened echoes from the vanished past, overmastered her with their stirring appeal.

"May, by the right of a long love, a loyalty that has survived the shock of time, separation, and change, has known no change throughout the changing years; the right of one who has lost and suffered all things, and in silence. Who makes no claim save to guard you from peril and misfortune. Let me do this, my girl, for the sake of the old days, and I promise to go away and trouble you no more, cast no shadow on your youth and brilliant career."

"No, no, Frank," and she leaned toward him with outstretched hands, her fair face transfigured with joy, time and separation, has known no change throughout the changing years; the right of one who has lost and suffered all things, and in silence. Who makes no claim save to guard you from peril and misfortune. Let me do this, my girl, for the sake of the old days, and I promise to go away and trouble you no more, cast no shadow on your youth and brilliant career."

"Stay with me; let me make such poor attempt for the past as I now can. And if it can be that you love me still—"

He caught her hands in an eager clasp, and in that breathless moment, he laid his head against her heart that had guarded its secret so closely all these months. JULIA M. KNIGHT. 50 Sherman street, Roxbury, Mass.

Pouth's Department.

I saw the fog shut out the hills,
The clouds shut out the sky,
I slipped my pony from the barn,
And galloped down the hill.
For I have read in books, and know
That curious things occur
When mist is trailing down the way
And all the world's a blur.
In strange places are seen abroad;
In trailing robes they go;
Like streamers in the wind they dance
And murmur and sigh and flow.

They rise from out the sodden ground;
They drift from out the sky;
And they are never seen except
The mists go trailing by.
I gazed so long to look at them!
I galloped down the lane
And past the dykes, to where the creek
Divides the fields of grain.

The fog was in the orchard rows,
And there was not a sound
But drops of water dripping off
The branches to the ground.
I don't know what I saw, I saw,
It glimmered everywhere.
My pony wheeled and galloped home—
He had an awful scare!

—Alberta Bancroft Reid, in St. Nicholas.

"The Twins." "Arabella, don't you wish you were twins?" said Baby-boy.

"Arabella, I'm humped up my back, and sidled against Baby-boy's leg with a coaxing little 'purr.' Baby-boy gave her a gentle rub down the back and out to the end of her stifled tail.

"You're so black, Kitty! Your twin would need to be like you," cooed that white bird. Maybe she'd take that off after meals.

Kitty curled into a ball. She didn't seem to mind that Baby-boy's love was undivided. Baby-boy ran out to play. He had made a free, four, seven and nine, when, as he told mamma he heard "Arabella mewing for Arabella."

"There she was, mamma," said he, "just like Arabella, 'cept the bib. She must be a twin!" "Kitty-act, it's my name for your beautiful book. You're Arabella, and you're my twin," Arabella awoke. She didn't want a twin. "Spit, spit," said she. "Spit!" and she made herself stand out like a burr. Arabella moved toward the door, and raised her back in the same way.

"You funny sing!" said Baby-boy. "Arabella, where are your company manners? Smooze yourself! You teach Arabella to make herself all prickles, too." Baby-boy sat beside the kitten, smoothing and petting until fierceness was gone. When he reached for the kitten, it was both piqued and puzzled, confronted by a problem which all her woman's wit cannot solve.

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Maltese cat ran from the kitchen door. Her pitiful wail brought a sympathetic response. Baby-boy was at the sitting-room window, watching for mamma, who was away. He ran to the front door. "For singi name, Kitty!" At his call she came up the steps and into the open door. Baby-boy loved her at once. "Pretty kitty! Is you an orphan? I'll take care of you!" He stroked and fondled her for a long time. Then he took her to his room.

"Cook Sarah, see this beautiful kitty!" Cook gave but a glance. "The old tramp cat! Arrah! go 'way!" The sound of the voice suggested a flying broom, and the cat jumped from Baby-boy's arms out inside of the open door. Baby-boy followed by way of the door. He was just in time to see her disappear under the wood-pile.

Cook was really kind. She gave Baby-boy a cookie, and dried his tears. Each day he went to the wood-pile, watching for Arabella's return. Sometimes he took Arabella under his arm, and she would purr and coo to him. One day Arabella opened her mouth and gave a great yawn. Then he saw that they must be tired, and went alone. That day the Maltese cat came at Baby-boy's door. He was just in time to see her disappear under the wood-pile.

"Mew!" Baby-boy lay flat on the ground to peep under, as she disappeared. He could not believe that he heard correctly. "Mew!" Baby-boy lay flat on the ground to peep under, as she disappeared. He could not believe that he heard correctly. "Mew!" Baby-boy lay flat on the ground to peep under, as she disappeared. He could not believe that he heard correctly.

"I think," said John, "that you'll be as black as my coat!" "John, that's just the thing! Lend me your hat."

Baby-boy, after much effort, brought one of his hands down beside his knee. Then it wriggled until it clasped John's hat, then disappeared. "The darling! Ouch! Prickles! One, two, three, four, seven! John, pull me out!" John pulled. Out came Baby-boy. Out came a hat full of daisies. Out came a mewing Maltese cat.

"I'm blest!" said John. "The Maltese cat!" "Aren't they beautiful?" said Baby-boy. Then he began to call "Mamma! Mamma!" Mamma came to the window, then out of doors to Baby-boy. John began to explain. Baby-boy jumped above in his effort to tell his mamma that he started a chorus of "mews" from the hat on the ground. At this, Lady Maltese slipped away with one little blind kitten in her mouth, and was back under the wood-pile for another before long.

Baby-boy settled down beside the others "Mamma," said he, "now aren't we sorry we called the nice mamma kitty Arabella-go-way?" Louise T. H. Pope, in Christian Register.

THE ENGLISH CROWN RUBY.—"Young Queen": The ruby of the English crown is famous in popular estimation. But its history apart—what does the connoisseur say to its value? Is it a ruby, or is it only a fine and large spinel? Some people call it a spinel, and some a spinel, but a spinel is not a ruby. The stone last named, when it is of more than 30 carats in weight and flawless all through, is more precious than a perfect diamond of the same size. When it is considerably larger it is not to be estimated, and may be anything, according to the passion of the collector. But the spinel (a much less hard crystal), even when it reaches the weight of four carats, is valued at half the worth of a four-carat diamond. There are famous crown rubies, but that which flames in the royal crown is, according to a common rumor among experts, the lowlier spinel.

THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT.—"R. W. C.": In addition to the interest which this vessel draws because she has been selected as the temporary floating home of President Roosevelt and his family, the Mayflower has had a life eventful from the start. Prior to the Spanish-American War the boat had been the property of Mrs. Helen Gager. It was built for the fleet family by G. & J. Thompson, a prominent building firm on the Clyde. Her original cost was \$800,000. After the death of Mr. Goelet the yacht was offered for sale, and among the wealthy prospective buyers was the King of the Belgians. When war broke out, however, the United States entered the bidding lists and secured the boat for \$450,000, and fitted her out as a torpedo-boat destroyer. Later she figured repeatedly in telegrams from the West Indies during the progress of the war.

When first purchased by the government, the Mayflower was 321 feet over all, with a water line of 275 feet, and had 36.6 of beam. The boat's chief feature, though, rests on the grace and beauty of her outlines. The speed of the boat is above the average, and at sea she is said to be remarkably steady. Her displacement is 2900 tons, and her indicated horse power of 4700, that drives her through the water by means of twin screws.

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Historical.

The first American printing-press was set up in Cambridge, Mass., in 1639. The first American printing-press was set up in Cambridge, Mass., in 1639. The first American printing-press was set up in Cambridge, Mass., in 1639.

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The Horse.

Winners in the New England and Western Circuits.

No. 1 in our horse illustration is a likeness of the trotter Rhythmic. He is a dark brown horse, 15.3 hands high, bred by Jesse Turney, Paris, Ky., and foaled in 1897. His sire is Oakland Baron (2.09), by Baron Wilkes (2.18). His dam is Duchess (2.20), by Strathmore; second dam, Lady Hamlet (dam of Cleopatra, 2.18), by Hamlet, son of Volunteer 55; third dam, by Joe Love, a son of Alexander's Abdallah. This is good stout breeding all the way through.

The following account of the early history of this wonderful trotter is copied from the Buffalo Express:

"Hudson declared before leaving Lexington that he would drive the horse in 2.04 in a race before the close of the season, and that in 1900 Rhythmic would rob Crescens of his crown. There is no more interesting history connected with any horse now prominent in the trotting world than that of the winner of the classic M. and M. in 1902.

"Rhythmic is a Kentucky production out and out, as his sire and dam were both bred in that State, and all hall from the one section, Bourbon County. He was broken as a two-year-old, but after showing his ability to trot fast even at that tender age, was attacked with pink eye. It was a long siege before he recovered and then his sight was affected. He had not gone totally blind at the age of three, when Doug Thomas began to drive him on his half-mile track near Paris. He could discern objects dimly, and this made him sensitive and an unusually dangerous colt to handle.

Thomas finally drove him a mile in 2.12 to a cart, as he was always afraid to trust himself behind Rhythmic with a sulky. Shortly after this performance, the colt became frightened and ran away with Thomas, finally turning over the cart in Stoner creek. Neither trainer nor horse was injured. Thomas, however, had enough of the black horse, and Jesse Turney, his owner, turned him over to James Hukill to handle the rest of the season. Hukill never asked anything fast of him, making no effort to fit him for racing last year.

"This season Turney made arrangements with Scott Hudson to take the horse, which in the meantime had become almost totally blind. He can just distinguish between light and dark, and notes the difference when a lantern is brought into his stall at night, although he cannot locate its direction. When Hudson began to drive Rhythmic this season the great horse had little confidence in himself and the noted driver hooked a third line to his rigging, with a guide strap at his chin. He drove him only a few days in this manner, as Rhythmic soon learned his driver's voice, and now a word from Hudson is law to the blind horse. Hudson has yet to drive Rhythmic to a break. After seeing the great horse work the first quarter at the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association track in 31, J. L. Drulen, the wealthy Bardonia owner, who has Onward Silver, Chase and other great horses in training, offered \$10,000 for Rhythmic, but, acting on Hudson's advice, Turney declined the tender.

"Rhythmic is a natural trotter and requires but little extra rigging. He wears quarter boots and shin boots behind, and a three-ounce toe weight. As an indication of his remarkable brush it is only necessary to say that Rhythmic trotted the last eighth of a slow mile in Lexington in .14, a 1.56 gait. Hudson has confidence that Rhythmic will sweep the country with an unbeaten record, winding up the season by placing his name in the list of winners of the classic Transylvania.

Rhythmic has started three times this season to date, and has won first money in all of them, in fact, he has not yet lost a heat. He won the \$10,000 M. & M. stake at Detroit, the \$5000 for 2.23 trotters at Columbus, and the \$1200 purse for 2.30 trotters at Fort Erie, N. Y., where he took a record of 2.09 in the second heat.

No. 2 is a likeness of the wonderful pacer Dan Patch, a brown or brown bay stallion, bred by Dan A. Messinger, Jr., Oxford, Ind., and foaled in 1896. His sire is the noted trotting-bred pacer Joe Patchen (2.01), one of the most royal-looking pacer stallions when jogging up past the grandstand that it has ever been our good fortune to see, and very popular with the masses of race-goers in New England. Joe Patchen was got by Patchen Wilkes (2.29), he by George Wilkes (2.22), out of a daughter of Herr's Mambrino Patchen. The dam of Joe Patchen was Josephine Young, by Joe Young (2.18), a son of Star of the West (2.28), by Jackson's Flying Cloud, by Vermont Black Hawk.

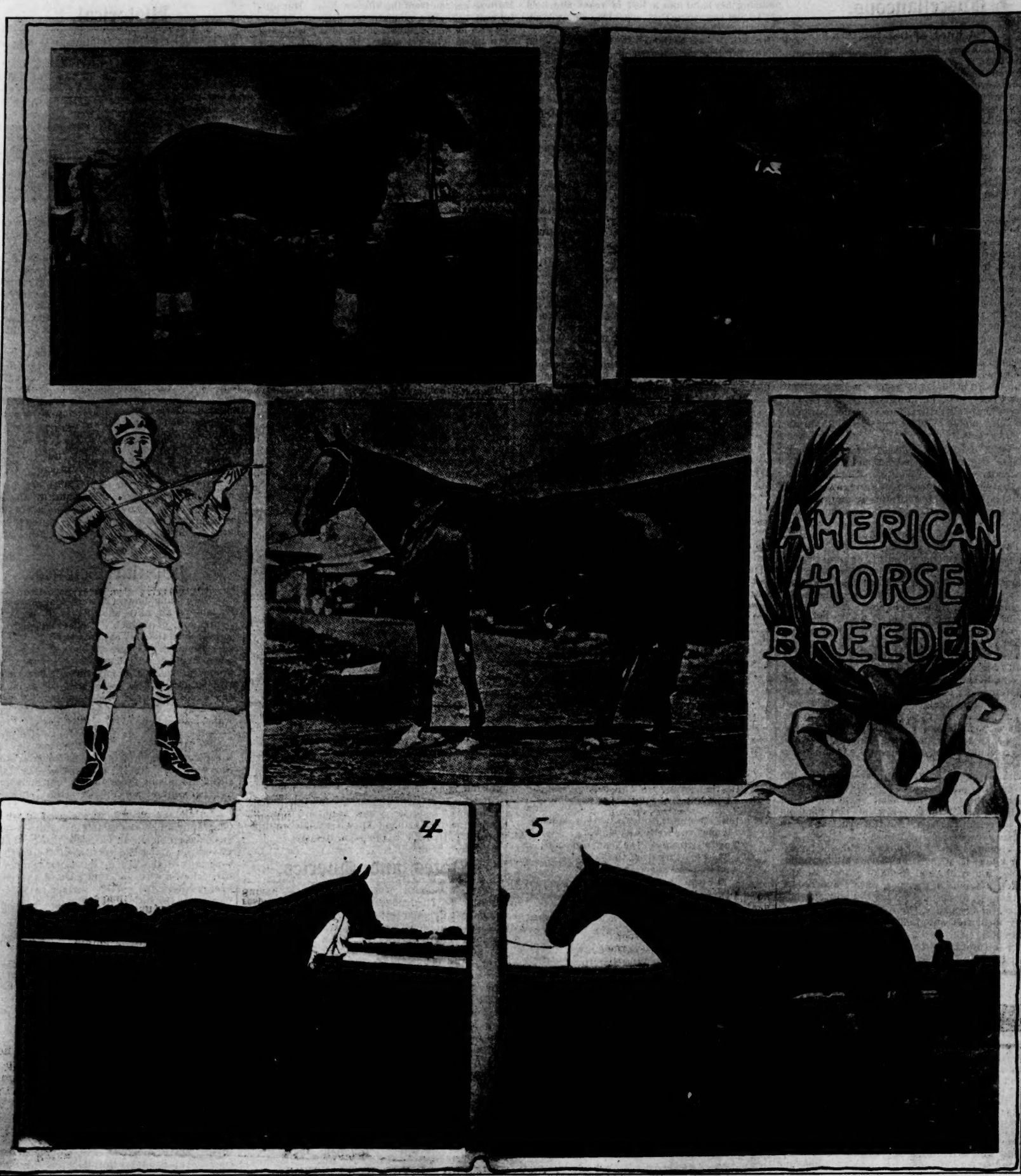
The dam of Dan Patch was Zelie, by Wilkesberry, he by Young Jim, out of Madam Adams, a daughter of American Clay, Madam Adams' dam being by Amos's Cassius M. Clay Jr., sire of American Girl (2.16). The second dam of Dan Patch was by Pacing Abdallah, a son of Alexander's Abdallah.

It will be seen from the above that Dan Patch is inbred to George Wilkes, and that Wilkesberry, the sire of his dam, was inbred to the Clay strain. He also gets a Vermont Black Hawk cross through Joe Young (2.18), the sire of Joe Patchen's dam.

Dan Patch started green when a four-year-old, in 1896. He was engaged in four races that year, won them all and took a record of 2.16. Last year he was started twelve times, won first money every time, and lowered his record to 2.04. He has already started in three races this year, and won them with ease, reducing his race record to 2.03 at Cleveland, July 23. He was started against time at Columbus, O., last Saturday, the 2d inst., to be 2.04, the record of his sire. His driver states that it was not his intention to beat the time specified, but the time was 2.00. The time by fractions was as follows: First quarter 31, second quarter 29, third quarter 30 and fourth quarter in 30 seconds. He is regarded by good judges as the most likely pacer in sight for world's championship honors.

No. 3 is the pacer Direct Hal, bred by E. F. Geers and foaled in 1896. His sire is Direct (2.05), and he was by Director (2.17), while his dam was by Echo, a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and out of a daughter of Jack Hawkins, a thoroughbred son of Boston. The dam of Direct Hal is Bessie Hal, by Gibson's Tom Hal; second dam by Prince Pulaski; third dam by Bostwick's Almont Jr., and fourth dam by Elliston's Battler. Mr. Geers sold Direct Hal to a two ago, for \$10,000. He has been used some in the stud for several seasons, and has been in training several years, but was saved for stake events and not started until this season. His first race was at Detroit, Mich., July 14, and he made a world's record by winning the first heat in 2.03. He won the next two in 2.08, 2.07. He also won in straight heats at Cleveland, July 23, and it looks as though he had all of his stake engagements at his mercy.

No. 4 is the black pacer mare Persenette (2.09), bred by Thomas Newitt, Bradford, Ill., and foaled in 1892. Her sire is Onedia, and Onedia was by Nutwood (2.18), out of Sanquait, by George Wilkes (2.22). The dam of Persenette was by J. R. Shedd (2.19), a son of Red Wilkes. Persenette took a record of 2.09 at Dayton, Pa., July 19, 1900. She is owned by Walter Palmer of Ottawa, Ill., and won a match race with Joe (2.08) for \$3000 at that place July 23.



1. Rhythmic, 2.11 1-2.

2. Dan Patch, p., 2.00 3-4.

3. Direct Hal, p., 2.06 3-4.

4. Persenette, p., 2.09 3-4.

5. Alcy, 2.13 1-4.

No. 5 is a likeness of the black gelding Alcy, bred by Arthur Fay, Madrid Springs, N. Y., and foaled in 1894. His sire is Alcyonum (2.24), by Alcyon (2.27). His dam is Nelly F., by Elial G., a son of Aberdeen, and his second dam was by Phil Sheridan (2.29). Alcy won races some in 1900 and took a record that year of 2.24. Last year he was started six times and took a record of 2.13 in a race that he won at Readville last fall, after a change of drivers. He is now owned by Mr. C. W. Lassell, and is thought by good judges to be a sure candidate for 2.10 honors, while some say 2.08. He won first money at the late August meeting, but met with an accident in some way at Albany, and broke one of his front hoofs badly.

Online, 2.04, Dead.

A telegram received from the International Stock Food Farm Company, Minneapolis, Minn., dated the 16th inst., stated that the stallion Online (4) (2.04) died that day. He was a bay horse, foaled in 1890, and was trotting bred, yet was a natural pacer and very precocious, as well as surprisingly fast. He placed the world's championship record for two-year-old pacers at 2.11. He took a record of 2.04 as a four-year-old, and it yet stands as the best four-year-old record ever made to harness. Online was a remarkably well-bred horse, and was proving very successful as a sire of speed. The large number of his get that entered the list last year attracted the attention of the proprietors of the International Stock Food Farm Company, and they bought him last spring for a stable companion of the trotting stallion Directum, whose four-year-old trotting record still stands as the best ever made by a four-year-old trotter.

Online was got by Shadeland Onward (2.18), he by Onward (2.23), and out of Nettie Time of Temple Bar, 2.17, etc.), by Mambrino Time, son of Herr's Mambrino Patchen. The dam of Online was by Chester Chief, a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. His second dam was by Mapes Hawk, another son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. The first of Online's get to take a record in standard time was Inline, that paced to a record of 2.20 in 1899. In 1900 one trotter and four pacers were added to his list, and Inline reduced his record to 2.16. At the close of last season he was credited with thirteen that had taken records in standard time, the fastest of which was Onoto (2.10). Two new ones have been added to his list this year, viz., Greenline (2.07), Strathline (2.18) and Sallie Online (2.04).

The death of Online is not only a great disappointment to the proprietors of the International Stock Food Farm Company, but a severe loss to the breeders of that section of the country. The proprietors of that establishment are not easily discouraged, and will probably replace Online with one of the best pacer sires that they can buy.

Old Orchard Meeting.

Rain, which made the track unfit to race over, caused a postponement of one day in opening the August meeting at Old Orchard. There were but two races on the card for the opening day, but the attendance was remarkably good, and only one race, the 224 trot, was finished. The 224 pace had a suspicious look. The judges concluded that Allen, the driver of the favorite, Alcy

Holmes, was not making a proper effort to win. She took the first heat handsly, but in the last half of the second heat, buck jumped and occupied so much of the track that she finished behind the distance flag.

The judges learned how the pools had been selling, and believing that it was the intention of the driver of the mare to get her distanced, they placed her and gave her driver some good advice. She won the next heat and the time was more than three seconds faster than the heat in which she was distanced. The judges then put Bard Palmer up behind Great Guy, and he won the next two heats, after which the race was postponed to the following day, when Alcy Holmes won the deciding heat and race. The judges fired Allen \$100 for laying up the heat the previous day. They also fined Stanley \$50, and awarded Palmer \$50 for driving Great Guy. On the last day of the race another fine of \$100 was imposed on a spectator for a disrespectful remark toward the judges. Frank Subert officiated as starter.

SUMMARIES.

Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 13, 1902—2.24 class, trotting. Purse, \$500.
In vnder, b. g. by Jay Bird; dam by Lumps (Golden).
Kalevala, b. m. (Young).
Midnight, b. h. (Cox).
Kittie Wilkes, b. m. (Rathbun).
Albura, b. m. (Gordon).
Florence C. ch m. (Stanley).
Miss Shelton, b. m. (O'Neill).
Time, 2.17, 2.23, 2.30, 2.19, 2.18, 2.15.

Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 14, 1902—2.24 class, trotting. Purse, \$500. Five heats raced on the 13th.
In vnder, b. g. by Jay Bird; dam by Lumps (Golden).
Kalevala, b. m. (Young).
Midnight, b. h. (Cox).
Kittie Wilkes, b. m. (Rathbun).
Albura, b. m. (Gordon).
Florence C. ch m. (Stanley).
Miss Shelton, b. m. (O'Neill).
Time, 2.17, 2.23, 2.30, 2.19, 2.18, 2.15.

Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 15, 1902—2.12 class, pacing. Purse, \$500.
In vnder, b. g. by Jay Bird; dam by Lumps (Golden).
Kalevala, b. m. (Young).
Midnight, b. h. (Cox).
Kittie Wilkes, b. m. (Rathbun).
Albura, b. m. (Gordon).
Florence C. ch m. (Stanley).
Miss Shelton, b. m. (O'Neill).
Time, 2.17, 2.23, 2.30, 2.19, 2.18, 2.15.

Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 16, 1902—2.12 class, pacing. Purse, \$500.
In vnder, b. g. by Jay Bird; dam by Lumps (Golden).
Kalevala, b. m. (Young).
Midnight, b. h. (Cox).
Kittie Wilkes, b. m. (Rathbun).
Albura, b. m. (Gordon).
Florence C. ch m. (Stanley).
Miss Shelton, b. m. (O'Neill).
Time, 2.17, 2.23, 2.30, 2.19, 2.18, 2.15.

Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 17, 1902—2.12 class, pacing. Purse, \$500.
In vnder, b. g. by Jay Bird; dam by Lumps (Golden).
Kalevala, b. m. (Young).
Midnight, b. h. (Cox).
Kittie Wilkes, b. m. (Rathbun).
Albura, b. m. (Gordon).
Florence C. ch m. (Stanley).
Miss Shelton, b. m. (O'Neill).
Time, 2.17, 2.23, 2.30, 2.19, 2.18, 2.15.

Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 18, 1902—2.12 class, pacing. Purse, \$500.
In vnder, b. g. by Jay Bird; dam by Lumps (Golden).
Kalevala, b. m. (Young).
Midnight, b. h. (Cox).
Kittie Wilkes, b. m. (Rathbun).
Albura, b. m. (Gordon).
Florence C. ch m. (Stanley).
Miss Shelton, b. m. (O'Neill).
Time, 2.17, 2.23, 2.30, 2.19, 2.18, 2.15.

Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 19, 1902—2.12 class, pacing. Purse, \$500.
In vnder, b. g. by Jay Bird; dam by Lumps (Golden).
Kalevala, b. m. (Young).
Midnight, b. h. (Cox).
Kittie Wilkes, b. m. (Rathbun).
Albura, b. m. (Gordon).
Florence C. ch m. (Stanley).
Miss Shelton, b. m. (O'Neill).
Time, 2.17, 2.23, 2.30, 2.19, 2.18, 2.15.

Allerton in 2.19 and 2.17. It was in the fourth heat that trouble arose. The judges concluded that Mr. Stout, with Erskine Reed, was not making the proper effort to win, and as a consequence, Price was substituted. Babe Allerton won the heat in a fraction better than 2.12, but in the drive down the stretch Dodge used his whip in such a manner as to interfere with Erskine Reed; Dodge was fined \$50, and the heat was declared off, all bets being recalled and another heat called for, when Countess Cecil again showed her quality by winning in 2.18. The Gambetta Wilkes mare proved the best in the following and deciding heat, which she reeled off in 2.14. The fourth heat, spoken of above as being declared off, does not show in the summary.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 12, 1902—2.24 class, trotting. Purse, \$500.
Rachel B., gr m. by Strongwood (Middleton).
Lucy Lee, b. m. by Disputant; dam, Howard (Current).
Delecto, b. h. by Delecto; dam, Anna Bell (Young).
Spencer Smith, gr g. by Jay Hawk; dam, Ruth Spurr (McGarry).
Boitcorral, b. h. by Bernard; dam, Carrie Mack (Greenwald).
Ashland Cassell, b. h. by Ashland Wilkes; dam, Minnie Cassell (Phelps).
Bert Herr, b. c. by Alfred G.; dam, Bessie Huntington (Dunham).
Time, 2.18, 2.16, 2.20.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 13, 1902—2.18 class, pacing. Purse, \$500.
Countess Cecil, b. m. by Gambetta Wilkes; dam, (Hea).
Babe Allerton, b. m. by Allerton; dam, Bourbon Light (Dodge).
Fischerina, b. h. by Beterton; dam, Olive Alceal (Middleton).
Erskine Reed, b. g. by Chatterton; dam, Lottie H. (Stout and Price).
Air Castle, b. h. by Castle Bell; dam, Arnette (Greenwald).
Marguerite, b. m. by Don Pizarro; dam, Susie Wilkes (McGarry).
Mary L., b. m. by Eagle Bird; dam by Wilkes Boy (Curtis).
Time, 2.19, 2.19, 2.17, 2.18, 2.14.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 14, 1902—Two-year-olds, trotting. Purse, \$500.
Katherine A., b. f. by Wiggins; dam, Zoraya (Thomas).
Blissom, b. f. by Baron Oaks; dam, Bourbon Light (Dodge).
Glendale, b. c. by Ondale; dam, Fanny Black (Stout).
Brady (Childs).
Emily Letcher, b. f. by Gambetta Wilkes; dam, (Hea).
Crescens Bird, b. c. by Crescens; dam, Blessing (Freeman).
Emma T. (Curry).
Time, 2.21, 2.21.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 15, 1902—Two-year-olds, trotting. Purse, \$500.
Katherine A., b. f. by Wiggins; dam, Zoraya (Thomas).
Blissom, b. f. by Baron Oaks; dam, Bourbon Light (Dodge).
Glendale, b. c. by Ondale; dam, Fanny Black (Stout).
Brady (Childs).
Emily Letcher, b. f. by Gambetta Wilkes; dam, (Hea).
Crescens Bird, b. c. by Crescens; dam, Blessing (Freeman).
Emma T. (Curry).
Time, 2.21, 2.21.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 16, 1902—Two-year-olds, trotting. Purse, \$500.
Katherine A., b. f. by Wiggins; dam, Zoraya (Thomas).
Blissom, b. f. by Baron Oaks; dam, Bourbon Light (Dodge).
Glendale, b. c. by Ondale; dam, Fanny Black (Stout).
Brady (Childs).
Emily Letcher, b. f. by Gambetta Wilkes; dam, (Hea).
Crescens Bird, b. c. by Crescens; dam, Blessing (Freeman).
Emma T. (Curry).
Time, 2.21, 2.21.

Nearly all the winners in the Grand Circuit draw

When Susie T. made the world's 5-year-old record and trotted the fastest heat of the season in 2.03, at Brighton Beach last Thursday, she drew a Faber Sulky.

Two of the three trotters starting in the wagon race on Friday at same place were hitched to Faber Racing Wagons. The winner, Imogene, drew the latest Faber, winning forty-four pounds. Hontas Crook, winner of the pacing race same day, drew the same wagon.

On Saturday York Boy won and made his record, 2.08, to Faber Wagon. Winners of eight out of nine wagon races at this meeting drew Faber Wagons.

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The three-year-old winner of the Horse Review stakes at Brighton Beach drew a "Flower City" Sulky.

Cora, one of the best pacers on the Lake Erie circuit, also draws a "Flower City."

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Electwood Stud Fee, \$25.00.

Sire of LOUIS E., 2.19 1-4.

By Whips, 2.73, sire of Azote, 2.04, and Colwebe, 2.12; dam, Manette (dam of Arion, 2.07), by Nutwood, 2.18.

Electwood's grandfathers are Electoneer and Nutwood, the world's leading sire of speed. His sire, Whips, is from a thoroughbred mare, and so is Tattler, the sire of his granddam, and Miss Russell, dam of Nutwood.

Electwood's granddam, has two daughters that have produced speed below 2.08. Bay horse foaled 1888, 1 hands, weight 1300. Perfect in manners and disposition. Will make the season of 1902 at Westbury, N. Y.

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